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HOPE



—D. D. Barot

Rebirth Of Central Asia

OUR SHORT STORY

CUPID v. THE COLONEL

By J. R. HILL

The snow fell softly, covering with a white mantle the shell battered houses; the torn, blasted churned-up main street. The scene was one of utter desolation; blasted homesteads and trees; blackened, smouldering roofs and walls under a grey sky with the snow falling silently—softly.

There was terror in the air; the nameless fear of watching unseen people hiding from some hideous unknown fate.

Three hours ago the Nazis had occupied the town and had ordered the people to stay within their houses—and men, women and children covered behind broken doors wondering what would be their fate.

Everything of value to the enemy had been destroyed, and the towns-folk would have left before the occupation had not a flight of Stukas cut off their retreat by continually dive-bombing the wood behind the town—with the intention of clearing it of any camouflaged artillery or concealed tanks—thus depriving them of the sanctuary of the forest. Before they could make up their minds to face the bombing in the shelter of the wood, a Nazi armoured unit had entered the town while others moved in a wide arc surrounding the place, shortly followed by the officer commanding the brigade and his small staff who had taken up their quarters in the only house that had an undamaged roof, though two of its outer walls were pitted and pierced by fragments of high explosive shells.

Colonel Herman Gluck, a veteran of the Great War commanding the panzer unit that had captured the town was in his vilest mood. A coarse Prussian with the courage and appetite of a wild beast he made an ugly enemy and when roused—as he was now—a very fiend. The cause of his rage was due to hunger, cold and the bitter pitiless fighting. The Russians had fought heroically, retreating before superior armaments but exacting a terrible toll and, try as he did, Gluck could not catch and destroy the troops opposing him. They had eluded him for the last sixty kilometres and he had driven his men without avail; failing to destroy the enemy.

He sat before the smoking stove which barely heated the large room and cursed.

"Got damn-swinehund! They won't fight. Dogs! pigs! they run but I get the people!" He gloated. "May be they hide food and sonny wench or two. What say you mine Fredrik? Ja! I've forgotten how a woman looks or feels!"

Hauptmann Fredrik Von Kramm shrugged his shoulders and a look of disgust passed over his somewhat stern athletic face.

"Gluck you are being grossly vulgar and are a disgrace to the Fatherland."

Gluck's pig-like eyes contracted and he snorted, while he took stock of his companion. He hated Von Kramm as a supercilious fellow who gave himself airs because he had come from an old aristocratic family. He would have had him transferred from his unit long ago had he had the power, but Von Kramm although an officer, was still a member of the Gestapo and was in continual touch with the highest secret service authorities. He was one of those agents appointed by that dread service to every branch of the Nazi fighting forces to watch for any slackening of purpose. He also came from an illustrious family; his uncle was in command of the operations in the south-east sector of that vast front and his mother was the Dowager Baroness Von Kramm, owner of one of the largest armament factories in the Reich, and was held in high esteem by the Nazi leaders.

"Ach! you are young but your blood is of water. What is the saying? To the conqueror the

spoils. Wine, women and song. War is war and I enjoy it."

"We fight to establish a new order in Europe as decreed by the Fuehrer and not to wallow like pigs in garbages," Fredrik rebuked. "We are fighting for a just cause."

"Ja! Ja! man I have heard that all before," interposed Gluck contemptuously. "I do not care for the cause. I do my duty; I am a simple soldier. To-day we live—tomorrow we die, so take what you can and be thankful for it."

The conversation was abruptly interrupted by the sharp rat-tat-tat of a machine-gun followed by the shrill edged shrieks of women and the hoarser cries of male voices.

Colonel Gluck sprang to his feet with a savage oath. "Bloody filthy Russian guerrillas! If they try any sabotage I shall wipe out the town."

A sergeant entered, clicked his heels, saluted smartly and reported.

"Herr Colonel, a batch of people were trying to leave the town. My men intercepted them when an escaping Russian shot at and killed Hausmann of the 133rd Regiment, so I opened fire and wiped out the lot." He spoke without emotion, as if he had destroyed some unwelcome vermin instead of human lives.

"Good. Tell Oberleutnant Bruenin to make a house to

detestable Jews, and both appeared good and kind people.

There was a Russian-Jewish girl with whom he had fallen in love, or had it been just an intense desire for her physical beauty. She was an artist of some fame—an exile from her own country under the Bolshevik regime. Her sanctuary as a child had been the Fatherland, but after the decree against the Jewry had been passed she was made an outcast from the adopted country.

He remembered skining with her on the slopes of the Jaungfrau; her dark eyes sparkling, her usually pale cheeks flushed as they sped along the white track. One night they had lingered together under the eyes of the little chalet watching the moon rise clear and white; changing the peaks to silver, and he had kissed her. Her shy surrender to his caress had gone to his head like wine, and when he would have pressed his passionate claims she had slipped from his embrace not from coyness but with the simple strength of purity, and he had taken her back to the chalet promising to make her his wife soon.

But events had moved swifter; the next morning he had been called away on duty—and she had become a sweet memory. For all Jews had been proscribed and try as he would he could not find her. Sick at heart he had carried out his duties—which were at

There is only one escape when a Nazi Officer and a Russian Spy fall in love with each other—DEATH!!

house search and arrest twenty men and twenty women as hostages. The men must be important persons of the town and the women—he leered—"young; good looking."

"Jhawol! Herr Colonel." The sergeant saluted and disappeared.

Von Kramm rose, stretched himself and walked towards the door. He paused, fumbled in his pocket for a cigarette and finding his case empty turned to look at Gluck, then said.

"I'll take a look at your hostages."

"What!—so anxious to see the beauties? I'll take the best; you can then have your choice?"

Hauptmann Von Kramm disdaining to reply walked out into the cold grey afternoon. He turned to the right, passed a still battered, lumbering tavern, a deserted, stricken church and entered the empty market square, empty except for a dozen black ironclad, rubber shod monsters around which clustered several men busily engaged in examining and cleaning them, while a group of engineers were laying out a telephone cable.

A strong keen wind was blowing and though the snow had ceased falling heavy laden grey clouds scudded across the sky.

He looked at the desolate scene and could not help contrasting it with those happy pre-war years. Was it being disloyal to pity one's enemies; to detest the horrors of war! It seemed all so senseless, so worthless and yet the Fuehrer had said that these people combined with England and the U. S. A. had meant to humble the Fatherland, and it was just and righteous that they should be crushed.

Yet in the days long before the war he had known many English men and women; he had had also a few friends amongst the

times revolting—manfully, ultimately winning the pour-le-merrit in the Battle of France.

Many women had sought his favours, and although he had often wooed forgetfulness in the soft arms of someone he had courted for the moment, a pale face with sad dark eyes and a wistful smile would make the taste of his conquest as dead sea fruit in his mouth.

His introspection was rudely broken by a hand being laid on his shoulder, and a guttural jovial voice remarking "Feeling pretty sick at Gluck's order. He's a pig but a good soldier."

Von Kramm looked thoughtfully at Lieutenant Bruenin for a moment before replying.

"I suppose war is always cruel but why should women and children suffer unnecessarily. If Gluck means to repeat his atrocities at 'V' I shall report him."

"Don't be a fool Frederik: he'll break you despite your influence. He has led the attack from Smolensk, and I am sure before long he will be given a corps command."

Von Kramm did not reply, instead he asked, "Have you a cigarette? I would give a thousand marks for one."

No need. I got some from the store here. Donnewetter! It was marvellous luck! Every shelf and drawer was empty, and after searching every cranny, I found a dozen in an old box in the till. They are a bit mouldy but grand."

They both lit up and drew long satisfying puffs. Bruenin shivered and swore at the cold.

Suddenly a low wailing assailed their ears which grew in volume as the weeping relatives of the hostages followed the forlorn procession which was being roughly shepherded into the square; men on the left—women on the right. Bruenin turned on his heels, "I

am going back. The sergeant can bring the prisoners before Gluck. He'll not look at the men—he will choose from the women, so one might get a little warmth at the stove instead of standing here. Coming?"

"Yes," responded Von Kramm, and they retraced their steps to headquarters.

Colonel Gluck was still sitting before the stove, sipping a can of beer, while an engineer was busily connecting some wires to the telephone receiver on a table at the far end of the room. He was shouting now and then into the instrument, and looking worried. The telephone would ring for a while and then go mute. A couple of officers lounged in taking up their positions opposite the doorway in anticipation of the feminine parade.

Suddenly Gluck banged the arm of his chair and roared, "Isn't that telephone yet connected? Incompetent fools! pigs! You have been at it for nearly four hours without success." His small eyes glinted with rage. "Twenty years ago we would have a line laid from any advanced position to our base within an hour and now you cannot! dolts! fools!"

"Your wireless is rotten. You blame my rapid, glorious advance; the weather, anything but yourselves who do not know your job. Swinehunds, I'll break you!" he shouted. "I must get through to G.H.Q. I want a hundred tanks by midnight to smash my way to Moscow. Imbeciles! I was promised a division if I took this town—But I must be first to reach Moscow and then—" he rose and puffed out his chest—"I shall be a General perhaps Generaloberst Herman Gluck." The Russians can't stop me but you pig-dogs! who don't know your work. Gott un Himmel! I give you fifteen minutes to connect up or you get the boot."

The engineer officer struggled on with his job quietly; no one spoke; the wind increased in violence, meaning like a lost soul.

Gluck sat down heavily and drain his mug in great guzzling gulps.

The engineer officer rose with a sigh of satisfaction, saluted and said.

"Herr Colonel—the line is in working order. You may speak to G.H.Q."

"Himmel! it is well for you," growled Gluck. He was about to rise from his chair when the same sergeant—who had reported the attempted escape of the towns people—entered, saluted and ushered in the first batch of women hostages.

Gluck smacked his coarse lips and assumed a comfortable posture, stretching out his legs.

Five women pallid with fear stood silently against the wall. They were young, not ill-looking but terror had pinched their faces making them the very antithesis of charming flirts. One of the officers pinched a girl's arm and she shank away with an inarticulate cry.

"Gentlemen," roared Gluck, "You may have the lot. Herman wants something better. Surely these are not the beauties of the town! Take them away and bring in something better."

The girls slunk out dazed; too terrified to resent even mentally the uncouth coarse criticism of their unattractiveness.

The next batch was led in. One girl was strikingly beautiful in a Japoesque style which drew rude comments on her too obvious physical charms. Three were nondescript and the fifth had the hood of her cloak drawn over her head which obscured her features. She was not tall but extremely graceful and her expensive costume spoke of Paris rather than of a small Russian town.

"Uncover your head," ordered Gluck, "and come closer."

The woman threw back her

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"From Sewri To Wall Street"

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF KING COTTON

As Told To K. A. CHIDAMBARAM

I am King Cotton. In this "blitzed" and "black-out" world, they call me "orphan" cotton or "refugee" cotton. However, I am neither a "refugee" nor an "orphan", but a citizen of the world.

Though capitalists and States try to localise and monopolise me, I always find pastures anew. Now I thrive in the distant climes of Korea and Manchukuo, though comparatively a stranger to this borderland of the Sino-Russo-Japanese conflict. I do not care for caste, creed, colour or sex distinctions. I am wanted everywhere, except in a nudist colony. I know no colour bar, for I emerge all-white in the Deccan black cotton soil. The haughty Brahmin

night oil, hoping against hope that I will turn up with his figure. The hard-worked night "sub" keeps his "Stop Press" open for me. One can easily visualise the commotion in markets, if the morning paper comes out without American futures. Thus, I keep the world on the tip-toe of expectations, watching, waiting and guessing.

"I Was There When Adam Delved"

Like a modern blonde, I keep my age a sealed secret. Honestly, I know not how old I am. I was there "when Adam delved

through myriad threads over-spreading the earth. They watch the process, saying 'Weave on here, do this right there.' Thus I am the Mighty Atom who can trace the genealogy to the Vedic and pre-Vedic era. Even in modern times, nothing exercises all-absorbing world-interest like cotton. Within one century I have changed the landmark and political boundaries of the world. In fact, Britain started building her Empire on textiles. The Atlantic sea-lanes, the Rock of Gibraltar, the Mediterranean, Suez and the Red Sea are the bastions of Britain's textile sway. It is impossible to think of history, without cotton in the picture. Even Hitler cannot carry on for ever with paper shirts and "ersatz"

In Art And Letters

I go as raw material for purposes of manufacture. But "raw"

Cotton is very much in the news. Due to the war, Indian cotton has lost its markets in Europe and Japan. The cultivators are hard hit and the Government are hard put to it to prop up a falling market. The central and provincial Governments have launched a campaign "Grow less cotton and more food crops." In view of these developments, the following skit in which "King Cotton" tells his own story will be found interesting.

may claim his pride of place in creation by virtue of the holy thread I gave him, but I warmly clothe the Harijan and feed his cattle with my seed. My heart always goes to the children of the soil, though I am made the medium of exploitation, and sweat-labour in spinning jenny and power looms.

I Keep The World Waiting

I am the sport of capitalists, but I also take daring liberties with them, making and unmaking millionaires. I am "betted", "bulled", "beared", "straddled" and "jobbed" from Sewri to Wall Street. They play upon me for "parity", and sometimes for "disparity." I am the victim of "Teji-Mandi" operations. The credulous and indigent man in the street puts his all on me in "Ankh Farak", cotton futures or Sutta betting, and wastes mid-

and Eve span." The excavations of Harappa and Mohenjo-Daro, explorations in Western Sind and the find of numerous spindle whorls show that I am a prehistoric product. The Vedas have embodied me in a "mantra." Rig Veda refers to me thus: "Having spun the thread and given it a shining colour, weave it without knots. Hundred and one artists are working at the sacrifice which

inverted becomes "war", and I am black-listed as war material in the schedule of quota priorities and blockade. However, refuse to be classified as mere "raw" or "war" material like other commodities. Mine has been a unique role in history. I am the greatest single factor which shaped civilisation, mediaeval and modern. I loom large in the world of art and letters.



THE MAHATMA—who turned 'King Cotton' into the poor man's friend.

I rule the world, both spiritual and temporal. I gave the Brahmin his holy thread. I resurrected the might Shiva from his sartorial leopard skin, gave him holy thread and decent clothes and made him beloved of Parvati. When that tyrant Dushasana tried to outrage the modesty of Draupadi in the Mahabharata days, I helped Lord Krishna to save her from public humiliation.

Shiva "Debunked" By Weaver

I am well-known in the world of dance, as well. When Nataraja performed the first Tandav dance, a jewel from his head slipped, an unpardonable act in a master-dancer. He deftly picked the jewel from the ground with his leg by adroit footwork, and by increasing the tempo of the dance took it in his hand, passed it through his mouth and stuck it in its original place with the help of saliva. None in the dance hall noticed the fall and restoration of the jewel, as they were completely caught in whirl of dance. In fact, all took it as breaking new ground in dance. When the dance was over, and when a pointed question was asked what was the highlight of the day's dance, all dance critics began to prattle of a new mode and novel stylisation. But Tiruvalluvar, the famous litterateur, who was a weaver by caste, said: "Who am I to unfold the mysteries of Shiva's dance. I, a professional weaver by caste, who uses the saliva to tie the broken woof and warp, how am I to unravel the beauty of Shiva's dance?" Nobody in the dance hall understood the inner irony and satire of Tiruvalluvar's words, but Shiva found himself neatly "debunked" by a weaver. Leaving the dance of gods, and coming to the dance of men and women. Uday Shankar has successfully balletised me in "Labour and Machinery". His is a dance crusade against the evils of industrialism.

My Friend The Mahatma

With the advent of Gandhiji, I have entered a new era. The Mahatma wants to restore me to pristine purity, by rescuing me from the mills and factories and installing me in my rightful place in the home.

He is out to create a new Ben-thamite ideal of "To every person a Charkha, and one Charkha to every person." He sees in Khadi the instrument of Swaraj, self-sufficiency and self-protection. He feels that India's pauperisation is due to her being a dependency of Lancashire for import of cloth and a beggar at the gates of Tokyo for export of raw cotton. "Why not India's teeming millions spin, weave and clothe themselves with Indian cotton? Be a 'pucca' patriot and cent per cent Swadeshi. This will scotch capitalism, cripple



DEVOTEE OF CHARKHA—Khan Abdul Ghaffar Khan busy with his charkha which has brought a message of economic self-help to his people.



THE WHEELS TURN IN TUNE WITH MUSIC—A picture taken at a Spinning demonstration in 1939. The charkhas turn to the accompaniment of music.

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REPORTER

Hits Back At

RUMOUR!

By G. N. ACHARYA

"My brother's nephew's friend's cousin has reliably heard from his brother-in-law's neighbour's son."

That is how rumours are born and prove such a headache to the journalists. In this article a Reporter hits back at Dame Rumour.

She may be an old dame, but she is not past being dangerous!

She is as fleeting as a summer morning mist, as alluring as a flower-laden valley in Spring, as vague and changeable as the moon-kissed waves, as fearful and enchanting as a dark and deer haunted jungle, as evanescent as the strong and exotic odour of the Night Queen.

She is swifter than the swiftest fighter and her career is like that of an elephant tusker strayed from his herd.

Her whisper is as fatal as the Siren's song. Her touch is as palsy-ing as that of old age. Her visage is more dreadful than that of Death.

Riots are caused at her command. Battles are lost and won with her help. Cities are emptied with her appearance. Lives are wrecked, millions are made and more millions are lost due to her influence.

She is more powerful than a dictator; more deadly than poison. Yet she is the beloved of all.

She is more popular than a film star; more common than aspirin.

You know her; I know her; every one knows her.

Her name is: DAME RUMOUR.

The Story Starts

Yes, she is certainly an old friend of ours, an old and familiar friend. And she is certainly both attractive and terrible to look at. All the same Old Dame Rumour is not without her share of incongruity.

Look closer and you will find that the thick coating of powder certainly hides a wrinkled face; you will discover that her resplendent garment is but a patchwork of rags. And you cannot help but laugh at the powder that hides

the wrinkles, the rags that want to pass off as finery.

Surely, you remember how a few months ago this great and populous city of ours was convulsed with awesome rumours about a film star, high up in the hierarchy of filmdom. The story was—or rather, the insanely contradictory stories were—whispered round with all manner of blood-curdling details and let loose a storm of feelings, a certain sadistic delight, some irrepressible inquisitiveness and a great deal of craven fear.

I well remember how the story started. On one fine day, it went round and was listened to with interest by people in a hurry to reach their offices, as they stood in crowded gangways of suburban trains. And then it was forgotten in the worries of the office. Who cares, after all, thought the office-goer, what happened to a film star. That kind of thing always happened to such people.

The next day the same story went round, with added details; and this time people were really interested. The bank clerks gathered near each other's counters, while the bosses were not looking and relayed the yarn. The shop assistants scratched their itching bodies in great gusto and gulped the story with huge guffaws of laughter.

All Over The Town

Some people were even interested enough to ring up newspaper offices and tell reporters who were already cramful of the story. It could not be passed over in disdain. Certain telephonic inquiries, at least, were necessary. But no more.

But on the third day things could not be dismissed so easily. Even the editors had heard of the story and wanted full inquiries to be made. And discreet contradictions had to be published, for the story was all over the town. You could not walk the footpaths, without being stopped and told about it.

The results were electric. Loyal Hindu wives, who had refused to leave their husbands, whatever happened and had courageously declared their intention of sticking to Bombay with the full determination to share Japanese bombs with their (respective) husbands suddenly decided it was time they packed home. Even aunts with pronounced middle age spreads and mothers with greying hair were getting into impossibly overcrowded trains and were rushing away, God knows where, in a desperate hurry.

Foolish reporters like me who did not believe such stories and were unexcited about it came in for a good deal of scorn. Tired of answering intermittent telephone calls, I tried to reason with a caller and find out why he was so particularly anxious.

"Naturally I am anxious", he said.

"But why", I insisted, "is she your aunt?"

I did not wait to hear his answer, not the whole of it at any rate, because the few words that I did hear made me realise their unprintable nature.

With a reformist zeal I went about asking the same question:—"Supposing some miscreants have perpetrated a crime. Should fifteen lakhs of Bombay's citizens shake in their shoes on account of it?" But my wayward questionings could make no impression on the flood tide of panic, which grew by feeding on itself.

The Dead Return To Life

Well that is how Dame Rumour works. Newspaper reporters with all their pretensions to omniscience are no match to her imposing, blinding magnificence.

But mind you, many of those very people who were temporarily upset by her blinding light are now sitting complacently in darkened cinema houses and quietly enjoying the charms of those very stars, who they vehemently declared were dead and

had been disposed of.

That is one of the chinks in the armour of Dame Rumour—this business of death. People who have been disposed of by her do not oblige her but have a way of popping up and declaring to all the world that they are alive and kicking. And this habit of hers gives rise to many a tragi-comic scene.

Don't you remember how the Assembly of Sind once actually passed a resolution placing on record its sense of deep sorrow at the alleged passing away of Mr. M. A. Jinnah and how the resolution had to be expunged from the records later on? How such a rumour got currency in Karachi while everything was quite in Bombay, is known to nobody. Mysterious are the ways of Rumour.

The Reporter Groaned

Rumour has fooled not only sleepy legislators but even live wire journalists.

I know, at least, of one instance when a newspaper published not only an elaborate 'obituary' but gave complete account of the funeral of a gentleman who was not dead. Luckily it was only in one of its editions and the news was discovered to be wholly false before the other editions were published.

This was the 'Daily News' of Nagpur and the incident occurred in 1936.

One afternoon, with but an hour and a half to the dead line for the first edition, the then President of the Municipality called for a reporter to give him some news. Cholera was prevalent in the city and one of the city fathers who was living in a ward where the death roll had been the highest had fallen a victim to the epidemic.

Would the paper please publish the news? The gentleman who was supposed to have died was a prominent figure in the city and a Municipal Councillor of long standing. It was important news. So reporters were set on the task to scour the city for interviews and information regarding the 'deceased' and a long and eloquent 'obit' was got ready. The President of the Municipality who was very obliging with information also made a private request to say that the funeral was well-attended. "Will you do me a favour?" he begged. "You see I am not inoculated and would not like to go to that ward. It has been the worst. Will you, however, oblige me by saying that I called at his place and attended the funeral."

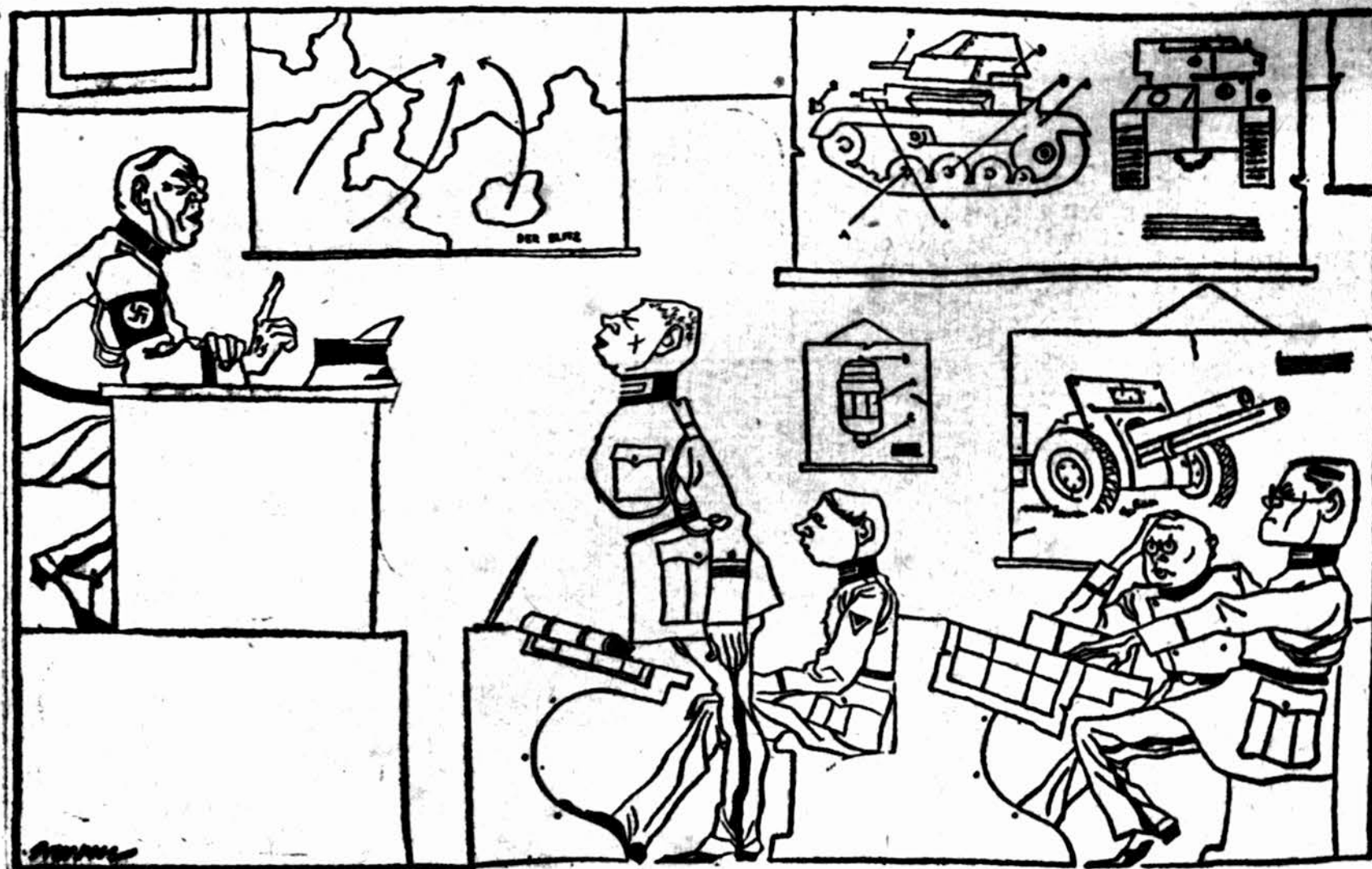
The reporter was willing to oblige. In fact he was himself in the same predicament. It was against professional practice to publish news without confirmation. But this was a rush job and besides why should he go to a cholera-infected locality. The whole city was full of the news and everybody he had met during the last hour had told him that so and so was dead.

So the news was put on the waiting machines and clonk, clonk, the paper began to emerge.

A sepoy rushed down to the press. There was a frantic telephone call to the reporter. Would he come? The reporter waited to see the first copy issue out of the machine and went up.

It was another well-known and respectable citizen on the 'phone. He was a friend of the 'deceased' and wanted to contradict the rumours, which were flying about in the city, thick as locusts.

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IN A NAZI OFFICER SCHOOL:

"What are the aims of the Reichwehr Kadet Von Ehrgeizig?"

"To fulfil all the claims sent over Deutschlandsender by Dr. Goebbels, Herr Oberst."



A Tadjik school-girl.

*We Tadjiks sing of what we see.
We have songs made by sweet-
tongued poets,
Songs made to travel along the
borders of the years.
Those which had passed at least
three ages
Told of flowers and beautiful girls
But to-day they do not sing of
girls and flowers:
They sing of our new freedom.
They sing about an airplane,
They sing of beautiful future
days.*

Tadjik folk song.

Samarkand, Dushambe, Bokhara evoke romantic associations. A long line of conquerors—Alexander the Great, Genghis Khan, Tamerlane and others were lured by the "pleasure domes" and "gardens bright" of Samarkand and Bokhara.

Alluring echoes, these of a romanticised, idealised past—an Occidental's literary reveries, are immortalized in many books.

On the whole the country was primitive. Only here and there one saw traces of civilisation: now a green patch of cultivated land rising on a steep incline—a triumph of human persistence and ingenuity. This persisted here for centuries.

The people lived for centuries in ignorance, isolated from the rest of the world, oppressed by the Czars, exploited by the native rulers.

But to-day Central Asia is in a paroxysm of change. The rebirth of Central Asia. The im-

Soviet Central Asia

The Rebirth Of A People

By D. G. Tendulkar

memorial droning of the East is drowned out with the sirens of new factories, and the hum of Soviet motors. Among the traditional "paranjias" of veiled women there are appearing in ever-increasing numbers the bobbed hair and the khaki uniforms of the revolutionary youth. An ancient, entrenched, oriental feudalism is being shattered by the vast sweep of modernity, by industrialisation, electricity, collectivization, science, libraries, movies, workers' clubs, people's theatres.

Charter Of Freedom

Czarist Russia was a prison of the nations. After the overthrow of Czarism in October 1917, the Soviet power declared to all peoples of the former Russian Empire, to all oppressed peoples of the former colonies of Russia that they were free to solve the question of their constitution. Seeing that the Soviet power abolished the former oppression, various nationalities began to create between themselves relations of friendship and unity. They were united in striving to create a new life. But this aim could be achieved only by united effort and strong defence from the enemies. Thus the peoples, enslaved and oppressed by Czarism, united voluntarily and formed the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics. Soviet Asia under consideration consists of Tajikistan, Uzbekistan, Kirghiz Republic, Turkmenistan, Kara Kalpak. Most of them touch Iran, Afghanistan and India.

Under Czarism especially the peoples of Central Asia were deprived of political rights. The Government kept the national minorities in ignorance. It strangled their national culture. The authorities prohibited local schools, teaching in national

languages, publication of books and newspapers. Exception was made only for religious schools and publications. The masses had practically no access even to elementary education. The language and the folklore were handed on by word of mouth from generation to generation. The Eastern nationalities were nomads, they practically had no big towns, no hospitals, no medical service. Thousands of people would die of plague, cholera and such diseases.

Work Of Reconstruction

Twenty-five years of the Soviet power have changed the face of the national republics. In former Czarist colonies mighty industrial centres and the most advanced agriculture have been created. Affectionately the natural peculiarities are fostered—national in content and modern in outlook—language, art, folklore of every kind. Nations which hitherto knew only the spoken word have been given writing and an alphabet. Mass illiteracy is being liquidated. An unprecedented economic and cultural growth of the former border countries of the Czarist Empire can be illustrated by concrete examples of some national republics with predominantly Muslim populations.

Among the most important industrial constructions may be mentioned: huge textile works in Uzbekistan; non-ferrous metal works in Kazakhstan; oil wells in Bashkiria and Kazakhstan; meat packing and fish, fruit and other canning works, tobacco, sugar and other food factories in Armenia, Uzbekistan, Turkmenistan, Tajikistan. In Georgia numerous new oil wells have been sunk; oil refineries, paper, chemical and other works erected.

Electrical stations have been constructed in all the eleven Re-



BARD of KARA—

Kalfrakia Djumchali Salimbaif, 63 years of age, who sings with "Tutar".

publics of the Union, at first to the astonishment and then to the delight of the inhabitants. The same story can be told regarding agriculture. The various national republics have had the whole-hearted assistance of the Central Soviet authorities in the establishment of collective farms, in the substitution of the primitive methods of agriculture by modern technique. Within two decades on the fields of Kirghiz Republic 3,800 tractors were at work; in Uzbekistan 18,400; in Kazakhstan 22,100—a nation which only recently led a mainly nomadic life.

Network Of Railways

Many of the National tribes who had nomadic life in the Eastern outlying parts of the U.S.S.R. have been won over by sympathetic help and advice to a settled existence and have organised not only cattle-raising collective farms, but for the first time in their lives have also gone in for land cultivation, the raising of wheat and other important cereals. In the valley of Vakhsha several thousands of hectares were irrigated for Egyptian cotton.

(Continued On Page 20)



Monument of Lenin in Ashkhabad, the capital of Turkman Soviet Socialist Republic.

'HOME FROM HOME'

Life On Board An American Liner

By KAMALADEVI

In the course of my wanderings I have sampled many boats of varied countries, from the dowagerish P. & O. to the homely Chinese Sampan, from the exotic Italian steamer to the messy Greek junk, from the Dutch luxury liner to the Egyptian country craft, from the ultra-modern Japanese ship to the miniature Indian coastal steamer.

But given the choice, I would vote for an American boat again. The American boat, in spite of the popular conception of a floating palace, is comparatively a simple affair. It has not the "Touch me not" air of the British boat nor the exuberance of the continental luxury liners. Like all things American, it is comfortable and has a business-like appearance. To those used to the old world ways, it offers few attractions. It has not the amusements and gaiety of the European nor the constant service of the Japanese boats. America is frugal in domestic service, servants being a rare luxury. There are far fewer hands on the American liner and I have heard many an old world traveller complains about it. I who like to do most things for myself, enjoy this freedom from a host of servile hands and faces around. Nor is the crew treated as "Servants." They are strong, hearty, broad-chested men who walk with an upright air and talk in tones of equality. There is a relieving absence from that semi-feudalistic atmosphere so familiar a feature of most luxury liners. It is a refreshing contrast to the "Master and servant complex of the P. and O. where the term servant embraces all the colonials. The American sailors have an amazing fund of general knowledge and discourse on almost anything under the sun with an ease that almost disconcerts us with a consciousness of our own ignorance. On more than one occasion I have felt defeated even discussing history, let alone international events.

Work Is Dignity

America is the land of education more than even of dollars. It is easier to get education there than a job or a meal. Nor is

working with the hand a matter of disgrace. Work is dignity, for it is self-respect. It is parasitism that is despised. One work is as good as another—all that matters is how large is the pay cheque. "All men are created equal in God's eyes" may be too rosy a dream to be realised even in Lincoln's own land. But the American still clings to the maxim that "All jobs are equally good." Another thing I love on the American boat is the plentiful supply of fruit and vegetable—it literally flows with fruit juices of every conceivable variety.

"Conspiracy"

Its entertainment side is its weak spot. The amusements display an utter lack of imagination and reminds one of an over-grown nursery. Another source of irritation are the gadgets placed at every corner that are meant to draw the coins out of your pocket. Every time you feel dull and bored—and that happens so often in a boat, your hand slips into the purse even before your mind starts struggling and before you know what you are doing the coins go click click into the insatiable mouth of that machine and you are the poorer by at least a couple of dollars. Most of the after-dinner games, so elaborately designed by the boat, are an equal swindle. It is as though there were some huge conspiracy afoot to do you out of your pocket by every persuasive device. At the end of a three weeks' trip once I announced I was going to distribute 50 dollars as tips. There was general resentment particularly from the Indian passengers who quailed at what seemed like an act meant to make them feel mean and miserly. "You have no business to do that—act like one of those irresponsible Princesses—you a public worker—you make our position untenable", they protested. "I wish to give away what I feel I have legitimately saved up by non-co-operating with those gambling gadgets and re-

fraining from cocktails". I quietly replied: "If any of you pays a bill under 50 dollars to the bar or has gambled away less than 50 dols., I want him to put his hand on his heart and say so, and I agree to abide by the tips you determine should be paid." The circle looked pretty sheepish—they slipped away in dead silence. My 50 dollars went into the pockets of the crew.

Friendly Atmosphere

Above all one likes the warm atmosphere of friendliness on the American liner. You are never a stranger once you step on the gangway. I was the last passenger to go up at San Francisco. I had kept the gangwaymen waiting a few minutes, but I met with no impatience or irritation. (The Americans are very chary of the delays. If you hold a car up for even 3 seconds on the road, it hoists angrily at least 6 times). The man at the head of the gangway gave me a broad smile as he touched his hat: "There is plenty of mail waiting for you and loads of flowers. You sure have a busy time before you!" he said with a knowing wink. It was like an old friend welcoming you home. I was not a stranger, though stepping on an American liner for the first time.

My Cabin Steward

I found myself stumbling over parcels, packages, flowers, all obviously hurriedly thrown into my cabin. I was too dispirited at the thought of leaving. I always hate travelling alone and loathe a sea voyage. I obviously missed my son who had been my mainstay in all my recent travels. The future stretched as vaguely as the sea and I did not wish to look at either. They both seemed equally sinister. I sat amidst the confusion feeling very helpless. Where was I going to put all this stuff away? Some of the parcels looked pretty cumbersome. I was carrying just two small cases and they

were crammed full. Why were friends so inconsiderate? "You don't seem very happy to have all these presents—My, My—you sure must be a jolly popular lady to have so many admirers. Now if I were you I would feel at the top of the world." A voice from the door interrupted my dark reveries. I looked up. An oldish man with a beaming face, from whom seemed to ooze the milk of human kindness, stood with a twinkle in his merry eyes. "I am your cabin steward at your service Ma'am" he added. "So you think I should be pleased with all this junk?" I replied in an annoyed tone, ignoring his courtesy as I picked up bulky toy aeroplane crammed with caramels. Out of a little box peeped a China figure with clasped hands holding something resembling a huge thermometer filled with white sand. I could not solve this puzzle. "That is meant to go on the table to hold the menu card" he explained. "What is the sand for?" I queried. "To mark the time?" I had meant it as a sarcastic comment, when prompt came the assent. "That's right—you have it. I think it marks a minute when it empties from one part into the other." I could not muster any more courage to open further packages. I was so afraid of alighting on more puzzles and my mind seemed too tired for them.

"Let me help you put it all away—you seem tired to-day—Maybe when you have rested a while—you will be able to take more pleasure in them." We shoved all of it into every available drawer. There now remained only letters and telegrams.

"Now supposing you perch yourself on that bed and I fix the pillows up. Then we shall attack the rest." He dumped the pile before me as I leaned cosily into the pillows and closed my eyes. I had now no other desire except to feel the luxury of sleep steal over me. After three weeks of continuous journeying across the three thousand mile American Continent, speaking half a dozen times a day I seemed to have so little energy left.

But the steward was still undaunted evidently. He broke in again. What you need is not a steward but a private secretary. I am not much good at that, but will do my best." At last the cloud burst—I broke out into a laugh—"Ya that's better," he exclaimed. "Now you will be able to rest."

Phyllis

When I opened my eyes after what seemed an age of sleep, I saw the letters all out of the covers and neatly piled on a table beside me. I slid deeper back into the pillows and began to scan them. Each word brought a streak of comfort, each line a world of affection. It seemed to be good to be alive, sea or no sea. It was only the next morning that I became intelligently conscious of my surroundings, particularly my cabin-mate. In fact after that there was no escaping her. Phyllis was a tiny little thing and reminded me of a canary. She chirped, sang, danced and talked—it is T in capitals. She was half Spanish with a dash of Orientalism, some streak of Polynesian, married to an American. She taught me Spanish songs, did little dances for me. She came to me next morning while I was still struggling with my letters, with an offer of help, but instead talked my head off. Whether I listened or not her tongue kept rambling. "Next time I start talking you just shut me up," she would say appealingly and then rattle on. Later on I learnt she was more moved by



ENCIRCLEMENT

—Cartoon from the London Daily Chronicle.

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SERGEI, THE SOVIET SOLDIER!

Dogged And Tough, He Has Proved His Fighting Qualities

Sergei Sazonovitch Sviridoff is just about as good an example as one can find of the average soldier in the Red Army. He was born thirty-four years ago in the village of Roga, in Central Russia. He is about 5 feet 6 inches tall and before he was wounded weighed around 160 pounds. He had a hard childhood. He passed through the World War, the Revolution, the civil war and famine, which left their mark upon his slight frame, writes C. L. Sulzberger in "N.Y. Times."

His father died during the hard times of 1923. Sergei himself had only one year's schooling but knows how to read and write. When he was 19 he quit his farm and went to Moscow, where he joined a construction gang—one of the millions of industrial atoms of his time. He married the girl who worked beside him on the building job. He had two children and lived in one room of a workers' dormitory. He earned 500 roubles a month and his wife, Praskovia Alekseyevna, earned 300; she was only an unskilled worker of the fourth class.

Vacation!

He had three months' compulsory military training, which he regards as the happiest vacation period of his life. Summertime he went back to his mother's farm to help with the crops. (His children were there when the Germans came and he has not heard from them lately.) His range of knowledge is distinctly limited. He likes to smoke long cigarettes through a wooden holder. He likes to drink vodka when he wishes to celebrate. Like Sholokhov's character, Kondrat, he "has long since ceased believing in God and believes in the Communist party leading the workers of the world to liberty and to a sky-blue future."

I remember very well how less than a year ago I talked with a German officer in one of Bucharest's more gaudy cafes and he told me: "When the time comes we will cut through Russia like a knife through butter. The Russian Army is rotten and the Russian soldier no longer has the patriotic incentive to fight. He cannot and will not stand up against us. For a second time he will revolt, only this time he will not wait for years, only weeks."

Hitler's Mistake

I remember also how two months ago I talked with a Russian colonel one evening on a quiet sector of the central front. In that region the Red Army had been advancing for several days, but that evening little was going on, only the occasional scream of a German shell slicing through the cold Autumn air and the answering shout of a Russian battery. I asked the colonel what he thought had been Hitler's greatest miscalculation when he stirred up the hornet's nest in the East. He thought for a moment, hitched up his greatcoat collar and looked through the birch woods where a group of his men were sitting before a moss-covered dug-out beside a stack of rifles, singing to the accompaniment of an accordion.

"If 'to-morrow be war,' so we used to sing yesterday; but to-day war has already arrived, and like one man the Soviet people will arise to defend their free fatherland," said the colonel. "Hitler didn't understand the Russian soldier. He doesn't understand the Russian temperament. He didn't know how well the Russian soldier can fight if he is put to it."

When all is said and done, this war—despite the terrible development of modern machinery—has demonstrated once again that the ultimate test of any army remains the national spirit and the morale of its personnel. A comparison of what took place in



A typical Soviet soldier.

France and Russia is the most striking example of this factor.

In France, when a unit was surrounded it generally surrendered. In Russia, time after time, the Germans have announced the encirclement of a Soviet unit, only to have it hack its way out to the main fighting lines. The Russian soldier's doggedness, his grim determination to continue the battle even under the most favourable circumstances, goes a long way to explain the tremendous resistance around such cities as Leningrad and Moscow.

Not A Professional Fighter

He may not be fundamentally warlike man, in the aggressive sense, such as, for example, his Prussian counterpart. He is not "cradled in a helmet and fed from the end of a lance," as was a tribesman of Prince Igor. Since the days of Napoleon he has been found fighting, usually in defensive actions on his home territory, and he has never proved as successful beyond Russian soil as he has when protecting it. But the Russian soldier is traditionally known for his bravery.

When a Western European or an American tries to predict a Russian's reactions or generalize about him, he is likely to make grave mistakes, possibly because he cannot plumb the depths of the Slavic personality. The child-like soul of the average Soviet soldier, his unembarrassed, full-throated singing, his simple affection for "my little rifle," his frequently tactless but always honest expressions, his likes and dislikes may frequently puzzle the foreigner.

Transfer Of Allegiance

Just before the Revolution it was widely assumed that the Russian peasant was a sort of primitive Christian, with loyalty only to his village Obschina, his Czar and the Orthodox Church, and that therefore revolutionary concepts couldn't prevail in Russia. Perhaps Hitler based his hopes upon propaganda spread in the West to the effect that the Russian was disloyal to his new faith. Hitler had never seen the picture of Stalin or Lenin hanging in a worker's room where the icon used to rest. He had never seen a peasant woman refugee clutching with one hand a sack

the same staunch patriotism exists which has always existed among this race of soil-loving people. A soldier whose great-grandfather stood up before Napoleon at Borodino in defence of his land is now standing up before Hitler for fundamentally the same reason. I don't think the political concept registers in his mind to anything like the degree to which simple national patriotism does.

The Russian people have sacrificed luxury in the form of consumers' good for many years to build up military equipment. Thousands of tanks, planes and guns have been built with money which an unmenaced land could have transferred into shoes, washing machines and radios.

Most Russians are aware of this sacrifice, which perhaps adds to their determination to carry out the job on hand. But even deeper rooted is the simple attachment to their land and nation and it is this sort of patriotism which is so strongly represented by Sergei Sazonovitch Sviridoff.

From Farm To Camp

In 1930 Sergei—who was helping at that time with the Spring sowing on his mother's farm at Roga—was notified that in two weeks' time he would be called on to do three months' military training. In company with his friend, Igorovitch Kuznetsoff, he rode third class in a train to the district military commissariat of Kozelset. He was taken to a public bath, washed, shaved, and given a uniform. Then he went to an encampment in the country.

After a day's rest, he began his service. He was instructed in the various parts of a rifle, how to clean and operate the weapon. He learned how to march and learned elementary tactics. He slept with three comrades in a tent and ate well three times a

(Continued on next Page)



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ADMIRAL E. J. KING

His Job Is To Rule Over The Pacific

By GEORGE CURTIS

When President Roosevelt handed to Admiral Ernest Joseph King the duties of Chief of Naval Operations formerly carried out by Admiral Stark—which means that by combining those duties with his existing job of Commander-in-Chief, U.S. Fleet, he has the biggest one-man responsibility in the history of the U.S. Navy—King might well have replied: "That just about makes the whole loaf!"

'Cincus' And 'Opnav'

For there is a little private joke between President and Admiral about that sort of thing. It started shortly after King had been given the command of the Atlantic Fleet. At the White House he discussed with the President the extent of the task and size of the forces with which it had to be carried out.

"That's a big slice of bread you're giving me—and damn little butter," said the outspoken Admiral.

Said the President some time later when more ships were coming along: "Well, Ernie, how do you like the butter you're getting?" "The butter's fine," replied King without a smile, "but you keep giving me more bread."

The keen-eyed, ramrod-straight Admiral now acquires not only more

bread but also a new nickname. He was already "Cincus"—The U.S. Navy's name for its C-in-C; now he is also "Opnav"—Chief of Naval Operations; roughly equivalent to Britain's First Sea Lord and the man who has to explain to Congress the intricacies of strategy and tactics.

There is every reason to believe that King is a big enough man for the job. He is a terrific disciplinarian who knows what he wants and must have it done to perfection and without argument. If snags arise, he has one standard and very brief question—"Why?". Just that.

A Taut Ship

On one occasion King made a casual inquiry as to whether the radio telephone linking his ship with escorting vessels was in order. It was not. King snapped out his question and the responsible officer was so foolish as to inquire whether the Admiral had wanted to send a message. That caught King on the raw, for the point was not whether he wanted to send a message but that the telephone 'should' have been in working order.

"What do you think I want it

for—to sing a 'Happy Birthday' to somebody?" he roared.

The very fact that many people did not like King as a peacetime commander is one of the many good reasons why he is such a sound wartime commander. His officers would sometimes think that he was "just being ornery" when in the calm of peace time he sailed his ships on a Sunday afternoon instead of a Monday morning. His was always a "taut ship," they said. But to-day every ship in the Allied navies 'has' to be a "taut ship."

King is one of those admirals who have always kept themselves up-to-date in their approach to the problems of war. In the years that followed the last war he made a special study of submarines and he saw too—and how right he has been proved!—that aircraft was to be a big factor in modern naval warfare. At that time the U.S. Navy had a growing air force but very few senior officers with experience in aviation. So King, already well advanced in his career, went to Pensacola and took the ordinary course for qualification in aviation.

In 1933 the President made him chief of the Bureau of Aeronautics, a job he held for two years,

long enough for him to leave a real mark on the development of American naval aviation. He is to-day one of the most vigorous defenders of that force against those who believe in separate command.

His Hero-Napoleon

King is indeed one of those rare beings—an Admiral who knows the secrets of surface craft, the tricks of the submarines that lurk below, and the technique of the employment of aircraft that has become such a significant factor in modern war at sea.

His own private hero is, oddly enough, not a naval but a military commander. None other than Napoleon. He has studied military history in detail and can make many a general retire to his prepared position when it comes to an argument.

Of no small importance in the make-up of the big man of the U.S. Navy is his gift for developing good junior officers. He contends that subordinates should be told precisely what to do but not how to do it. Only by giving a man responsibility and seeing that he shoulders it can he be developed as a leader of men, he says.

His phrase "Stopping nursing them" is almost as famous as his "Do the best you can with what you have" among the men of the United States who sail the seas.

day—rather better, he says, than he did on the construction gang.

"It was like living in a country house," said Sergel, recalling those days. "I was sorry when it was over. In the evening we had movies or we sang in the Red Corner (the soldiers' club) with a balalalka or an accordion. I learned to play the accordion. Sometimes we had lessons in arithmetic, Russian literature or politics. I got a better understanding. I was interested, but I had to read once and then again before I could get it through my head. It was a gay and merry life—always with songs."

Germany invaded Russia on a Sunday morning—Sergel's day off. He was lying in bed at 11 o'clock when his wife rushed into the room with the news she had heard on the Moscow public radio, which has loudspeakers at many corners. On June 23 he received written notification to report next day at the Lublin military commissariat, thirteen kilometers from Moscow.

"We all went," he said, "but in our regular clothes, and were bathed, shaved and given uniforms. This time they were really our uniforms—we did not have to give them back; we were real soldiers. I and the others with limited training were sent for fur-

SERGEI, THE SOVIET SOLDIER!

(Continued from Page 7)

ther instruction to a camp near Tula for a month and a half. The work was not much more serious. We all wanted to learn as fast as possible; this time we were going to fight, not play. We studied rifle, bayonet, grenade, machine gun.

"My new uniform was the best. I had a pair of boots, two pairs of flannel wrappings for my feet, two pairs of socks, two pairs of underpants, two undershirts, two towels; trousers, shirt, hat, a brand new overcoat. I got my little rifle and my bayonet and my cartridges and my helmet and two grenades.

To The Front

"On Aug. 4 our regimental political commissar told us we were going to the front. On Aug. 5 we left. We were very gay. We marched to our train singing and all night we sang. We travelled for two days until we got near Smolensk. We went to a small village and rested and then some

officers told us what was going on.

"The next night we went into the attack. Since we were new troops we weren't put into the real attack, but we moved up toward the front lines. We got experience. We went through a Little forest where shells were bursting. I didn't feel as if anything was happening. I thought, 'when will the real war come? This is no real war.'"

I asked Sergei Sazonovitch what the men said as they moved into action, and he answered, "Oh, they went in shouting for the country and for Stalin. But I didn't ever get a chance to join the real attack. I was wounded. If my feet would permit."

Here Sergei Sazonovitch, put his head beneath his pillow and began to cry like a child. He wept for several minutes in an entirely unaffected manner. Then he struggled to sit up and with a flushed face and tears trickling down his cheek, he said, "I'm sorry I could do so little. On

Aug. 23 I was wounded I hope I can go again."

I know it is easily appreciated how moving this scene was. This man was obviously of the simplest type and I can assure you he was selected by mere circumstance as a subject for an interview. Americans, subjected as they are to many forms of propaganda, are not unnaturally suspicious that anything they may hear which is out of the ordinary may smack of this. All I can say is that the trained nurse and the commissar standing by Sergei Sazonovitch's bedside also had tears in their eyes.

After the interview, the commissar showed me Sergei's record: "Feet blown off by shell landing near by; operated upon in field tent; flown to Knova by plane; remained there five days and was evacuated to Kulbyshev."

Said the commissar: "These men tell me the Germans were forced in against us by the deceit of their leaders. They came under threat and thought the war would soon be over. With us, every one goes voluntarily. No one remains behind the lines unless he is ill. Those Germans won't see Moscow, as a pig can never see the sky. We'll kick them out. We'll kick them out."



A part of the town of Ruz in Russia, destroyed by the Germans.

ART NOTES AND COMMENTS

By D. G. VYAS.

Art—The Cinderella

ACADEMIC RECOGNITION OF MUSIC—SCOPE OF MUSIC-EDUCATION—ART APPROACHING UNIVERSITIES—OPTIONAL SUBJECTS SHOULD INCLUDE ART—POST-WAR PLANNING OF EDUCATION—THE ROLE OF ARTIST IN WAR—THE OFFENSIVE FIZZLES OUT—ART OF ILLUSTRATION.

The fact that philistinism has not been less rampant within the precincts of the University of Bombay is confirmed by the conspicuous omission of art from the proceedings of its Senate since the memorable day of 14th February, 1939. This date has left its impress on the history of academic education in Bombay, because the Senate ventured on that day to depart from its characteristic no-art-policy by accepting Mrs. G. B. Billimoria's proposal to institute a diploma in Indian music. In spite of it music has not yet gone nearer to the University. Mere acceptance of the proposal does not exonerate the Senate from the charge that art is the Cinderella of the University.

Anomalous Procedure

Mrs. Billimoria's proposal was carried in face of the usual argument of the opposition to refer the same back to the Syndicate. But it did not mark the termination of the odyssey of music. On 15th June, 1940, a proposal for introduction of the courses of extension lectures and for granting diplomas in twenty subjects—cultural as well as scientific—was brought before the Senate by Dewan Bahadur K. M. Jhaveri. Though the proposal was in its incubation period since 1931, it was found immature in 1940 and was thrust back upon the Syndicate on the plea that the proper procedure to achieve the object in view was not followed!

Music, which was not specified as "Indian" was, according to the press reports, included, with art criticism and architecture, in the list of twenty subjects and was ordered to go back to the Syndicate. On 14th February, 1939, it was accepted as a subject for a diploma and on 15th June, 1940, it was, along with other subjects, relegated to the Syndicate—an anomalous procedure for which no explanation has so far been demanded by any Fellow and furnished by the University. Will any of the die-hards—the sentinels guarding the sanctity of the academic procedure enlighten the public as regards the unjust and unjustified procedure adopted in the case of music?

"Want of proper procedure" and "matter not urgent at present" are the stock arguments which militate against educational progress and frustrate honest attempts to bring art within the purview of academic education. Let the puritans and pedagogues, who are vigilantly guarding the academic atmosphere against the imaginary danger of its vitiation by the impact of art, note that music is not less essential to life than literature, science or military studies.

Scope Of Music

Music has to embark upon an Odyssey which extends over some years, but military studies can materialise into a branch of academic education within a short period—a contrast which does not concede to the University of Bombay a broad and progressive outlook. The University of Oxford honours music by conferring honorary degrees of music upon Dr. William Walton and Mr. Malcolm Sargent when the military training is in greater demand, but the University of Bombay leaves music out in the cold and gets over-enthusiastic about military studies.

The ancient art-treatises, which constitute a solid literary background to Indian music and other arts, place the subject of art within the orbit of systematic education. No art bids fair to progress unless it is practised by

the artist and patronised by his clientele with the understanding and knowledge of its theories and principles. Thorough study of the art-treatises and grounding in the complex technique of the art like music are indispensable to the prospective artist for the practice of his art and the general knowledge of the same indispensable to his patron for proper appreciation of art. History of fine arts, their fundamental unity and inter-connections, physics and the general knowledge of western music, dance and ballet by way of comparative study should be also included in the curriculum of music as an academic subject.

Dance is implicit in India's definition of the term "music"—and it, therefore, cannot be excluded from the curriculum of music. The much trumpeted renaissance is an overdrawn picture of the actual phase of dance which is a phase of its surface-revival. The Government and the Universities are not in the least alive to the urgency of eliminating the unhealthy forces of empiricism, amateurism and propagandism which are jeopardising the very existence of the traditional dance-art. Western harmony is a will-o'-the-wisp to some of the musicians who are eager to play the role of the music-reformers. Western ballet is a fascinating model of some of the streamlined dancers. The people, if properly initiated in appreciation of art, will not fail to spurn any imitation which is veneered as an innovation.

The tide of the initiative and, therefore, degenerative tendencies which are growing in intensity must be stemmed in the interest of the purity and integrity of music and dance. The dance-art, which has been a victim of social reform, has been evicted from the temple of worship, but it must now be installed in the temple of learning. It is a matter of regret that the Universities, which received music within their fold, have repudiated India's definition of music by excluding dance from the curriculum of music-studies.

Towards University

But it is gratifying to note that art is now slowly wending its way to the Indian Universities. It has been found worthy of mention by a few eminent scholars who have in recent years delivered Convocation addresses to some of them. The University of Calcutta is said to have introduced architecture, sculpture, painting and music in the Matriculation examination. The Madras and Annamalai Universities have admitted music and contributed, in no small degree, to its progress on systematic lines. The S. N. D. T. Indian Women's University has included art in the courses of the qualifying examinations. The United Provinces University Reorganisation Committee has recommended the creation of a faculty of fine arts, painting and music at Lucknow.

While giving an outline of the programme of expansion of the University of Bombay in his Convocation Address on 15th August, 1939 Mr. R. P. Masani had referred to art as one of the directions of expansion. He had pointed out that art was included in the scheme of the extension courses in the various subjects, a statute authorising the institution of diploma in music was awaiting the sanction of the Chancellor and the question of giving diplomas in painting and architecture was under consideration. Nothing of them has materialised so far. Probably the University is dominated by those who are repelled by art and who hold the antiquated view that academic education means art-exclusive education.

The meeting of the Senate,

which was held on June 15, has adopted a resolution, which aims at revising the matriculation and other courses of study in arts in such a way as to leave a wide scope of choice of the subjects to the students. Here is a chance for art to enter the University provided it is not jostled out by the reactionary forces. The scope of the optional subjects must embrace art. The University of Calcutta has, as already pointed out, introduced architecture, sculpture and painting as the optional subjects and music for girls for matriculation. Arts as an optional subject is sure to relieve the strain imposed by the uncongenial subjects upon the students having a definite artistic propensity.

Education of the students in appreciation of art should be one of the primary functions of the University; but no university will be able to discharge its aesthetic function effectively unless it introduces compulsory courses of art-appreciation in the various stages of its educational system. Academic recognition of arts like painting, sculpture and architecture is enthusiastically advocated. Art is a specialised activity and needs congenial environments for its progress; it is, therefore, difficult to imagine how far the Indian Universities will, in view of their multifarious undertakings, complicated machinery, eclectic outlook, and dilatory method of procedure be able to stimulate progress of art and to lay emphasis on the Indian traditions, Music, dance and drama, which are in no man's land, deserve official patronage as well as academic recognition in some form.

Post-War Education

"The main weapon to win the next peace is education" recently declared Mr. R. A. Butler, the President of the Board of Education in the House of Commons. The beginning of the post-war planning of education is reflected in the sweeping changes in the educational system of Great Britain which are said to be under consideration. Democratisation of the public schools, which appears to be one of them, proves that the best of education should not be reserved for the aristocracy. Since art is an important educational problem, it is not expected to be excluded from the programme of the post-war planning of education. Like the best of education it should be made accessible to the people. Re-planning of education with a definite bias towards art and with a view to bringing it within reach of the poor is an immediate need of India. Education which ensures peace and happiness to mankind must embrace its aesthetic element.

The new system of the preliminary army training includes aptitude tests to sort out recruits for the British Army in a way that round pegs should go into round holes. The aptitude test should be extended to the post-war educational problems as it will enable the examiners to single out, from the amorphous mass of students the individuals who are gifted for the different branches of knowledge including art. The aptitude test will stimulate the progress of art to a great extent if the students, who emerge from it as designed for art, will be diverted to the art-schools.

The Role Of Artist

The war does not paralyse the activity of the artist. On the contrary it has its specific artistic needs. The services of the artists are requisitioned to record, in paint, the various and varied aspects and events of the war and to paint the portraits of the mi-

litary officers and the distinguished members of the fighting services. Apart from this the war invites the creative artist to exercise his abilities for the defence of his country. Camouflage and blackout, which are defensive measures, are the other avenues for the creative artist for the display of his ingenuity and skill.

The war has now stretched its arm to India. Blackout has been imposed upon some cities and towns and the necessity of camouflaging the important buildings, factories and other military targets has arisen. The Government should secure the co-operation of the Indian artists wherever and whenever it is needed. The Indian artists ought to get the opportunity to record their impressions of the event like "The Convoy Arrives" and to convince the people that the touch of art relieves the gloom of blackout. The Kansas City Art Institute has introduced the art of camouflage in its curriculum. The Government should introduce the same in the art-schools of India.

Wanted Explanation

The offensive launched by Mr. O. C. Gangoly against the Sir J. J. School of Art, Bombay, in the March issue of the "Modern Review" appears to have fizzled out because Bombay has promptly and strongly replied to it. The note of Mr. N. M. Kelkar, the General Secretary of the First Bombay Provincial Art Conference, which appeared in the May issue of the same journal, could not have escaped the notice of Mr. Gangoly. It refutes the statement made by him about the Congress Ministry's plan of art-education in these words. "The Congress Ministry headed by Mr. B. G. Kher never had any intention of acting on the recommendations of the Thomas Committee." Now where does Mr. Gangoly stand? He owes an explanation to Bombay as regards the source of his information. Those, who tread on others' corns, have to face the consequences of their action.

The charge that the School of Art has neglected teaching of Indian art needs no further refutation. It is a deliberate attempt at lowering the institution in the estimation of the public. A similar attempt at minimising the prestige of Bombay as an independent centre of the revival and teaching of Indian art is an absurd assertion that there is no able exponent of Indian art in Bombay. Such assertions are made by those who are conscious of their own weaknesses but are jealous of others' achievements or are lacking in the spirit and strength to acknowledge others' superiority. Bombay's able exponents of Indian art are too well known to need any mention.

Not Mechanical

Mr. Nigel Farson, the American Novelist, has, in his article in the "World Review" expressed his resentment at the quality of the illustrations in the two English editions of Tom Sawyer, which he says, provide a shocking evidence of the crime of allowing any living artist to tamper with a dead writer's work. Mr. Farson's objection to an English artist illustrating Tom Sawyer is based on the argument that the artist ought to have some knowledge of the subject. Illustration is a special branch of art and not merely a mechanical process. It expects the artist to be in close touch with the literary world and to be fully conversant with the nature, environments and spirit of the subject he has to deal with. Illustrative art has an immense scope for its development in India provided literature realises the importance of art and seeks its co-operation on terms of equality.

KISAN LEADER ON TRIAL

Hearing In Jail: Madras
Detenus Released

MUZAFFARPUR, June 26. The trial of Mr. Awadeshwar Prasad Sinha, ex-President of the All-India Kisan Sabha, under the Defence of India Rules was resumed on June 24 before Mr. R. N. Bannerjee, Deputy Magistrate, within the premises of the Muzaaffarpur District Jail.

The prosecution closed its case by examining Mr. Harnandan Thakur, Sub-Deputy Magistrate.

All the prosecution witnesses were then cross-examined on behalf of the accused, who pleaded not guilty to the charges.

The case has been adjourned to June 29 for the examination of defence witnesses.

31 Malabar Security Case Prisoners Released

MADRAS, June 27.

As a further step in their policy of jail delivery, the Government of Madras have now ordered the release of 31 prisoners connected with the Malabar Security Case on condition that they should report by post or in person once a month to the police station having jurisdiction over their normal place of residence.—A.P.

No Restraint Orders

MADRAS, June 27.

The Government of Madras have decided to cancel all orders of detention, internment or other restraints passed previously on the Communist Conspiracy Case prisoners who have been ordered to be released. Accordingly the detention order on Mr. Surendra Mohan Kumarmangalam and certain others and the order of internment on Mr. P. Ramamurthy, Member, A. I. C. C., and Secretary, Congress Socialist Party, Madras, have been cancelled.

SOVIET DAY IN JAIL

BARREILLY, June 26.

"Soviet Day" was celebrated with great enthusiasm in the Security Prisoners Ward of the Barreilly Central Prison.

A meeting was held under the Presidentship of Mr. Rafi Ahmad Kidwai, former Minister of jails, U. P. Speeches were delivered by Messrs. Shaikat Usmani, R. D. Bharadwaj and Daya Ram Beri paying glowing tributes to the heroic resistance of the Russian people and the Red Army against Nazi aggression.

A resolution was also passed expressing sympathy with the Russian people.

The Tricolour National Flag and a Red Flag were also unfurled.—A.P.

Five Arrests For Sugar Profiteering

AHMEDABAD, June 27.

Two more merchants were arrested to-night under the Defence of India Rules on a charge of selling sugar at a rate higher than that fixed by Government. The total number of merchants arrested to-day under the Defence of India Rules is five.—A.P.

No Loss Of Life In New Zealand 'Quake

LONDON, June 27.

There was no loss of life in the recent earthquake shock in New Zealand, according to a telegram from the New Zealand Prime Minister to Mr. W. J. Jordan, the High Commissioner for New Zealand. The shocks were confined mainly to the southern part of the north island.—Reuter.

Gauleiter Of Bavaria Replaced

BERLIN, June 27.

Officially confirmed that Adolf Wagner, the Nazi Gauleiter of Bavaria has been replaced. Paul Giesler of Westphalia has been appointed his successor. The reason given for Wagner's departure is that he "has fallen ill."

Mahatma Mum Over Jinnah's Accusations

C. R.'s Third Meeting With League Leader: Moonje's Warning

BOMBAY, Saturday.

Mr. C. Rajagopalachari had further conversations with Mr. M. A. Jinnah this afternoon at the latter's residence.

This is the third time that the two leaders are meeting in the course of the week.

GANDHIJI KEEPS MUM

(From Our Correspondent).

WARDHA, (By Mail).

Gandhiji declined to make any comment on Mr. Jinnah's latest statement about him and the Congress wherein he has made serious allegations. Informed political circles indicate that Gandhiji's silence is probably due to his anxiety to avoid a controversy and secondly because he has explained his stand in "Harijan". Thirdly it may be due to the fact that Mr. Rajagopalachari is carrying on negotiations with Mr. Jinnah and so he does not want to complicate matters.

Moonje On C. R.-Jinnah Talks

SALEM:—The move of Mr. Rajagopalachari to bring about a settlement with Mr. Jinnah and the Muslim League on the basis of Pakistan is fraught with grave danger to the country, said Dr. B. S. Moonje, Vice-President of the All-India Hindu Mahasabha, addressing a public meeting here this evening.

He regretted that of all people Mr. Rajagopalachari should have supported the demand for Pakistan. Mr. C. Rajagopalachari must by now have realised, said Dr. Moonje, that even in South India he had not got the support of either the Congress or non-Congress elements. He had gone to Wardha and was now busy with Mr. Jinnah and probably more mischief was afoot.—A.P.

MAHATMA'S NEXT MOVE

To Be Decided At Wardha,
Says Kripalani

ALMORA, June 27.

Acharya J. B. Kripalani, General Secretary of the Congress, interviewed by the Associated Press Representative, said that nothing can be said about Mahatma Gandhi's new move just now but that would be decided at Wardha.—A.P.

Azad To Go To Sind After Wardha Meeting

CALCUTTA, June 27.

The Congress President, Maulana Abul Kalam Azad, will proceed to Sind from Wardha after attending the meeting of the Working Committee. He will go to Karachi via Delhi and Lahore.—A.P.

One Month's Extension To Bengal P. C. C.

CALCUTTA, June 27.

Pending approval of the Congress Working Committee, the Congress President, Maulana Abul Kalam Azad, has granted one month's extension upto July 31 to the Bengal Provincial Congress Committee for completion of enrolment of primary Congress members in the province.—A.P.

Ex-Parliamentary

Secretary Arrested

SHARANPUR, June 27.

Mr. A. P. Jain, M.L.A., ex-Parliamentary Secretary, was arrested to-day under the Defence of India Rules.—A.P.

LAVAL TO VISIT GERMANY

To Bring About Closer
Berlin-Vichy Colla-
boration

NEW YORK, June 27.

M. Laval, the Vichy Prime Minister, may visit Germany shortly according to the Stockholm correspondent of the National Broadcasting Corporation. The purpose of the visit is not known, the report states but it is suggested that the intends, this time on German territory, to make another attempt to bring about closer collaboration between Vichy and Berlin. The Vichy Minister of Agriculture, M. Leroy Ladurie, it is added, is expected to leave for Berlin in a few days for preliminary talks.—Reuter.

Fierce Combat Over Le Havre

LONDON, June 26.

Over 200 Spitfire fighters raced over the French coast around Le Havre on Friday evening, while Boston bombers bombed targets there.

At the same time other large formations of Spitfires swept 200 miles of the French coast from Cherbourg to Boulogne.

The Germans did not attempt to attack the bombers or their immediate escorts, but one squadron of fighters flying above them had a fierce combat with at least a dozen German fighters.

One pilot said afterwards: "The fight started at 14,000 feet and continued almost down to the sea level. I saw one German fighter shot into the sea, several more crippled, but generally we had far too much to do to watch what happened to them."

While this fight was in progress bombers and their escort headed safely for England. The Air Ministry News Service, giving this news, says that only one British fighter is missing.—Reuter.

NOT THE SAME NEHRU—AND WHY?

(From Our Correspondent)

LONDON, June 27.

Here are some impressions that Philip Jordan, War Correspondent, who recently returned after a 30-thousand mile travel, records about India in to-day's "News Chronicle":

"Nehru was once the greatest anti-Fascist of us all but the man I saw in Delhi was not the same I had last seen in Spain and before that in London. Myopic and anachronistic British administration in India has at last produced a frustrated man no longer capable of reading contemporary history aright. Seeds of frustration, planted by British folly and nourished in British prisons, have come to flower in that heart and are strangling it. I lay no blame. I record only my sorrow."

Fierce Battles On Kharkov Front

Defenders Of Sebastopol Deter- mined To Fight To Last Man

LONDON, June 27.

Battles of an "exceptionally fierce character" on the Kharkov front are reported by the Moscow Radio to-day. The Russians are carrying out mighty counter attacks with tanks, disrupting the enemy's efforts and wearing down his troops.

There have been mass air attacks by the Germans. In one sector there were 31 air battles in a single day resulting in the destruction of or damage to 51 German planes.

BOLD SOVIET COUNTER-ATTACK

Fighting is raging to-day along the entire Sebastopol front according to the "Pravda" front line correspondent quoted by the Moscow Radio. He said the Germans who drove a wedge into the Soviet defence lines in the north-eastern sector were repulsed by a bold Soviet counter-attack. The Germans are now using isolated companies or battalions indicating their heavy losses. Led by Soviet marines the Red Army broke a German counter-attack on a Sebastopol height where Soviet troops were threatened with encirclement.

"Fighting To The Last Man"

MOSCOW, June 27.

The defenders of Sebastopol continue fighting with the utmost tenacity defending every inch of the approaches to the city to the last man as they enter the fourth week of its defence. Main enemy pressure continues in the north-eastern area where Germans have driven a wedge in the outer Soviet defence lines. Fighting

continued here for the past 48 hours and numerous attacks have been successfully repulsed. In the south an attack with three divisions failed to make serious inroad on the defences but small groups of German automatic riflemen infiltrated at certain points.

Enemy's Huge Losses

A supplement to the Soviet 'communique' says: "The defenders of Sebastopol are inflicting enormous losses on the German troops. One regiment of enemy infantry was annihilated or dispersed by our artillery fire in one day alone. An enemy attack by a battalion was repelled in one sector of the Briansk front, the enemy losing 300 killed. An enemy attempt to capture an inhabited locality was frustrated on another sector."

Sixteen German planes, eleven of them bombers, were shot down during a raid on the Leningrad front by 56 bombers with an escort of twelve fighters, says the Moscow Radio to-day. Some of the planes succeeded in flying over the target but the Soviet plan prevented them scoring direct hits. The Soviet lost one plane.—Reuter.

Churchill Promises Diversion Of German Attack On Russia

Optimistic About Final Victory

Washington Conferences Cover All War Problems

JAPAN TO BE SMASHED, CHINA TO BE RELIEVED

Coming operations to be undertaken by the United Nations will divert German strength from the attack on Russia.

Production of munitions is fast approaching the maximum on schedule.

Axis submarine warfare continues to take a heavy toll of cargo ships but steps are being taken to reduce it.

These are some of the points made out in the statement issued by Mr. Churchill on his return from U. S. A.

PREMIER'S

STATEMENT

LONDON, June 27. On the return of the Prime Minister, Mr. Churchill, the following statement has been issued:—

"The week of conferences between the President and the Prime Minister covered very fully all major problems of the war which is conducted by the United Nations on every continent and in every sea. We have taken full cognizance of our disadvantages as well as our advantages. We do not underrate the task. We have conducted our conferences with a full knowledge of the power and resourcefulness of our enemies.

Optimistic Picture

"In the matter of the production of munitions of all kinds the survey gives on the whole an optimistic picture. Previously planned monthly output has not reached the maximum but is fast approaching it on schedule. Because of the wide extension of the war to all parts of the world, the transportation of fighting forces, together with the transportation of munitions of war and supplies, still constitutes the major problem of the United Nations.

"While submarine warfare on the part of the Axis continues to take a heavy toll of cargo ships actual production of new tonnage is greatly increasing month by month. It is hoped that, as a result of steps planned at this conference, our respective navies will further reduce the toll of merchant shipping.

Russian Resistance Applauded

"The United Nations have never been in such hearty and detailed agreement on plans for winning the war as they are to-day. We recognise and applaud Russian resistance to the main attack that is being made by Germany and we rejoice in the magnificent resistance of the Chinese Army. Detailed discussions were held with our military advisers on the methods to be adopted against Japan and for the relief of China.

While our plans for obvious reasons cannot be disclosed it can be said that the coming operations which were discussed in detail at the Washington conferences between ourselves and our respective military advisers will di-

vert German strength from the attack on Russia.

"The Prime Minister and the President have met twice before, first in August 1941 and again in December 1941. There is no doubt in their minds that the overall picture is more favourable to victory than it was either in August or December last year."—Reuter.

RETURN OF FLYING PREMIER

Took Controls Of Plane For Some Time On Way Back

LONDON, June 27. Mr. Churchill has arrived in London.

The Premier was met at Euston by a large party which included Mrs. Churchill and members of his family, Mr. Attlee, Sir Stafford Cripps and other members of the Cabinet and Service chiefs. The Soviet Ambassador, M. Maisky and the Chinese Ambassador, Mr. Wellington Koo, were also on the platform.

Mr. Churchill made the journey to America and back in the Royal Mail aircraft "Bristol" one of three Boeing Trans-Atlantic flying boats which are the largest in commercial service in the world. They weigh almost forty tons, measure fifty yards across the wings and are thirty-five yards long and twenty-seven feet high. The flying boats carry sixty-six passengers and a crew of ten.

LOOKED SUNBURNED

Mr. Churchill was wearing his naval peaked cap and smoking a cigar as he stepped out of the train into a ring of Cabinet colleagues and Ambassadors. A moment before Mrs. Churchill and Miss Mary Churchill had jumped into the train and kissed him warmly.

Captain Kelly Rogers, the pilot of the plane in which Mr. Churchill flew from America, said: "It was a perfect trip. Mr. Churchill took the controls for some time just before dinner yesterday. The trip was completely without incident."

Mr. Churchill was looking sunburned and extremely well. He shook hands about fifty times before stepping into the car and driving from the station. As he neared the public platforms a

small crowd greeted him enthusiastically.—Reuter.

Reaction To Tobruk Cools Down

(From Our Correspondent).

LONDON, June 27.

The first reactions to the fall of Tobruk resulting in a number of no-confidence motions against Mr. Churchill, have cooled down overnight. This morning considerable fall in the temperatures of the sponsors of no-confidence motions could be noticed. The Bombay merchant, Sir John Wardlaw-Milne, who is the sponsor of a censure motion, is now being urged to withdraw the motion.

Last night Mr. Churchill spoke over the Trans-Atlantic telephone to London and indicated that his reply to the criticism would be fighting, although the speech would be unusually frank. He may announce that a big U. S. A. army will go to Egypt.

Hard-Hitting Speech Expected

LONDON, June 27.

A long hard-hitting speech is expected from Mr. Churchill who, in returning sooner than some anticipated, will answer personally in the Commons Sir John Wardlaw Milne's "No confidence in the central direction of the war motion." At least a dozen motions or amendments have been tabled concerning the events in Libya.

Mr. Churchill, while in the United States, was in constant touch on the Atlantic telephone with Whitehall and is familiar with the general trend of developments in his absence. He is now seeing leading colleagues of the War Cabinet. Before the Commons meet he may broadcast to the country on the Roosevelt talks which have kept the world guessing.

POOLING OF NAVAL RESOURCES

LONDON, June 27.

Closer co-operation between the navies of Britain and the United States with more complete pooling of naval resources in the Atlantic is foreshadowed by to-day's joint declaration of President Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill, Reuter's Naval Correspondent learns. British anti-submarine craft, it was revealed recently in America, are operating along the Atlantic sea-

NAZI RAID ON NORWICH

Three Planes Destroyed: Lt. Goering Killed: R. A. F. Lays Mines

BERLIN, June 27.

Walter Goering, the 21-year-old nephew of Marshal Goering, has been killed in an air battle with the R.A.F. on the western front, says the German News Agency. Walter Goering was a Lieutenant in a Fighting Squadron.

Nazis Raid Norwich

LONDON.—An Air Ministry 'communique' issued on Saturday states: "Last night enemy aircraft made a short attack on Norwich. Damage, mainly fires, was done to residential and shopping areas. Some casualties were caused, including a small number of people killed. Three enemy aircraft were destroyed."

Enemy Waters Mined

An Air Ministry 'communique' states: "Last night our bombers laid mines in enemy waters. Fighter Command aircraft attacked enemy airfields and railway objectives in occupied territory and enemy shipping off the Dutch coast. One of our fighters is missing. Three enemy aircraft were destroyed by our bombers in our attack on Bremen on Thursday night."—Reuter.

SERIES OF SOVIET-JAP INCIDENTS

WASHINGTON, June 27.

Commenting on the Moscow Radio Official statement on the sinking of a Russian ship by the Japanese the "New York Times" Washington correspondent says: "Seasoned observers here think there has been a series of incidents between the two Governments and conditions have reached a point where silence can no longer serve any purpose."

board and certain American craft are now working nearer to the shores of Britain. The effects of these measures are now making themselves felt. With the development of the pooling plan it is confidently predicted that the toll of merchant shipping sunk by the enemy will grow steadily less.

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Plots are for Sale at Dadar, opp. to Railway Station Freehold Land also at Poibawadi, Parel, also at Parsi Colony, Dadar. Apply Box No. 16269C "Bombay Chronicle."

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Public Notices

GOVERNMENT OF INDIA BEVIN TRAINING SCHEME

APPLICATIONS ARE INVITED from persons prepared to volunteer for training in the United Kingdom under the above scheme.

Candidates should be young men not below 18 years of age, healthy, intelligent, able to read and write and do simple calculations, speak English sufficiently well to be understood and make themselves understood and possess manual dexterity.

Candidates should necessarily have at least three years practical experience in any Engineering Workshop in any of the following trades:—

Fitting, turning machining (including shaping, planing, slotting, milling, grinding, etc.)

Only persons possessing the required qualifications should apply to the Chairman, National Service Labour Tribunal, Bombay, Hassan Chambers, Parsee Bazar Street, Fort, Bombay, not later than the 10th July, 1942, for the prescribed application form which should be returned duly completed not later than the 16th July, 1942.

(8847)

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Food Problem Before B.P.C.C.

Plea For Congress Grain Shops To Counter Profiteering

Dr. M. D. D. Gilder was unanimously selected to stand as a candidate for the Municipal by-election in the Fort Northern Esplanade Constituency, at an ordinary meeting of the Bombay Provincial Congress Committee held at the Congress House, Bombay, on Saturday evening. Mr. Nagindas T. Master, presided.

It was decided at the meeting to hold a public meeting under the auspices of the Congress to observe the 25th anniversary of the late Dadabhai Naoroji on the 30th instant. Several associations in the city had expressed their desire to participate in the celebrations.

The meeting sanctioned a sum of Rs. 250 towards the Congress Medical Unit Fund for relief of evacuees and appealed to the public of Bombay to subscribe to it liberally.

A special resolution urging the B.P.C.C. to start food grain shops in the city in view of the grave food situation which had arisen and which was daily deteriorating on account of profiteering on the part of dealers was placed before the meeting by Mr. Manilal Seth.

The mover stated that from the events that had taken place so far, he feared that worse things were still to happen and the average of the profiteers might even go so far as to make the food situation get out of control.

Mr. S. K. Patil, assured the mover that the responsibility for the control of food supplies rested primarily on the Government and then on the Municipality both of which were giving their full attention to it.

If exigencies arose which demanded the further consideration of the Municipality everything possible would be done by the Congress Party to bring due pressure upon Government to tackle the situation.

In view of the above assurance the resolution was left to be considered later.

ALLEGED EXCLUSION FROM MANAGEMENT Dispute Between Ahmedabad Millowners

(Before the Hon. Mr. Justice Chagla.)
1. Ramchandra Lalbhai
2. Jasubhai Lalbhai

Versus
Chinubhai Lalbhai

The plaintiffs and the defendant are brothers being the sons of Seth Lalbhai Tricimlal with whom they constituted a joint and undivided Hindu family doing business at Ahmedabad. The plaintiffs filed this suit for a declaration that they were entitled to exercise the rights as the managing agents of the Lalbhai Tricimlal Mills Ltd. started in 1929 at Ahmedabad along with the defendant and for an injunction restraining the defendant from excluding the plaintiffs from exercising their right of management jointly with the defendant.

The defendant denied that because the joint family funds were invested therein the plaintiffs became entitled to manage the Mills which was the right of the defendant alone. He further stated that since 1935, the plaintiffs and the defendant had been separate and that since then the first plaintiff managed the Mills under the supervision of the defendant.

The hearing of the suit has been proceeding for some days and will be continued on Monday.
Mr. V. F. Taraporewalla, Mr. B. J. Desai, Mr. N. P. Engineer and Mr. M. Shah instructed by Messrs. Ambubhai and Diwanji appeared for the plaintiffs.
The Advocate-General, Mr. M. C. Setalvad, Mr. K. M. Munshi, Mr. C. K. Daphtary and Mr. S. T. Desai instructed by Messrs. Tyabji Dahyabhai and Co. appeared for the defendant.

BANDRA MUNICIPALITY

(From Our Correspondent)

BANDRA, June 27. The newly-elected Board of the Bandra Municipality met for the second time yesterday evening at the Bandra Town Hall, when the question of the election of Committees was disposed of. Out of a total strength of 40 members 39 were present. The following were elected Chairmen in the various Committees:—Standing Committee: Prof. J. P. R. Almeida Public Health: Mr. R. G. Nayak; Dispensary: Dr. V. A. Pereira; Taxes: Mr. R. S. Bulsara; Legal: Rao Bahadur M. Pradhan; Town Planning: Mr. B. P. Shastri; Staff Committee: Mr. J. P. D'Mello; Set-back Committee: Mr. A. S. D'Souza; Rules and Bye-Laws Committee: Dr. P. A. Dias.

LOHANAS' PUBLIC MEETING: Under the auspices of Lohana Debating Union, a public meeting will be held to-day (Sunday) at 4 p.m. at Blavatsky Lodge, French Bridge, Chowpatty, to honour Dr. Narottam P. Nathwani, the first M.D. (Bombay) of the Lohana community and Dr. G. D. Adhia, M.B.B.S., B.M. Thacker, B.Sc. and B.J. Karia (radio engineer) on their obtaining the first class in their final examinations. Raja Katta Nanji Kalidas Mehta will preside.

City And Suburbs

LOCAL ENGAGEMENTS To-day

Hindu: Jeth Shud 15, 1998
Muslim: Jamadi-ul-Akher 13, 1361
Parsi: Deh 27, 1311
Sunrise: 6-5 a.m. Sunset: 7-17 p.m.
High tide: 11-57, 23-48. Low tide: 5-06, 17-56

AMUSEMENTS OF THE DAY

METRO—"Cagney in Captains of the Clouds" 3-30, 6-30 and 9-30 p.m.
KRISHNA—"Saugandh" 3, 6-15 and 9-30 p.m.
Matinee to-day at 12 noon
EXCELSIOR—"The Good Old Days" 4, 6-30 and 9-30 p.m.
CAPITOL—"That Night in Rio" 4, 6-30 and 9-30 p.m.
REGAL—"Belle Starr" 4, 6-30 and 9-30 p.m.
PIKASH—"Radhika" 4, 7 and 10 p.m. Matinee to-day at 1 p.m.
NOVELTY—"Duniya Ek Tamasha" 3-30, 6-30 and 9-30 p.m. Matinee to-day at 1 p.m.
MINERVA—"Station Master" 3-30, 6-30 and 9-30 p.m. Matinee to-day at 12-45 p.m.
MAJESTIC—"Bharat Milap" 2-45, 6 and 9 p.m. Matinee to-day at 11-30 a.m.
NEW WEST-END—"Khan-Daan" 3, 6 and 9 p.m.
SWASTIK—"Vijay" 3-30, 6-30 and 9-30 p.m. Matinee to-day at 12-30 p.m.
CHITRA—"Doctor" 4, 6-45 and 9-45 p.m. Matinee to-day at 1-15 p.m.
PARADISE—"The Flying Deuces" 4, 6-30 and 10 p.m.
AURORA—"They Met in Bombay" 3-30, 6-30 and 10 p.m.
HIND-MATA—"Apna Ghar" 4-30, 7 and 10 p.m. Matinee to-day at 1-45 p.m.
PALACE—"Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" 4, 6-30 and 10 p.m.
EDWARD—"Har-Jet" 4, 6-30 and 10 p.m.
CENTRAL—"Pahila Palna" 3-30, 6-15 and 9 p.m. Matinee to-day at 1 p.m.
PLAZA—"Nirdosh" 4-30, 7-15 and 10 p.m. Matinee to-day at 1-30 p.m.
ROXY—"Jhoola" 2-15, 5-45 and 9 p.m. Matinee to-day at 11 a.m.
OPERA HOUSE—"Tamanna" 3-30, 6-30 and 9-30 p.m. Matinee to-day at 12-45 p.m.
CITY LIGHT—"Khazanchi" 4, 6-45 and 9-30 p.m. Matinee to-day at 1-30 p.m.
KOHINOOR—"Andhi" 4-30, 7-15 and 10 p.m. Matinee to-day at 1-30 p.m.
BROADWAY—"Nai Roshni" 4-15, 7 and 10 p.m. Matinee to-day at 1-30 p.m.
IMPERIAL—"Masoom" 4, 7 and 10 p.m. Matinee to-day at 1-30 p.m.

Flag-Salutation At Congress House

Under the auspices of the Bombay Provincial Congress Committee, the monthly flag salutation ceremony will be held to-day (Sunday) at 6-30 p.m. (S.T.) at the Congress House, when Shri Bhulabhai J. Desai, President of the B.P.C.C. will unfurl the national flag and address.

ARYAN AND SEMETIC CULTURE: A public meeting will be held at Arya Samaj, Girgaum, Kakadwadi, to-day (Sunday) at 7 p.m. when Pt. Biharlalji Shastri will deliver a public lecture on "Aryan and Semetic Culture". The public are welcome.

B. C. & S. MOTOR CAR DRIVERS' UNION: An Executive Committee meeting of the Bombay City and Suburban Motor Car Drivers' Union will be held to-day (Sunday) at 2-30 p.m. at the Union's Office.

JAMA'ATUL-MUSLIMEEN, BOMBAY: A public Quranic lecture on "Distribution of Wealth in Islam" will be delivered to-day (Sunday) at 2-30 p.m. (S.T.) at the premises of al-Jamia al-Islamiyah, Marole (Andheri).

PRARTHANA SAMAJ: Mr. C. S. Natesan will conduct the Weekly Divine Service in the Prarthana Mandir, Girgaum, to-day (Sunday) at 5-30 p.m.

BHAVSAR SEVA SAMAJ: The third annual general meeting of the above Samaj will be held to-day (Sunday) at 3 p.m. at 200-202 Bora Bazar Street, Fort (near Jain Temple) when Mr. Narayana N. Parikh will preside. An address to Shri Saradevi Narayana who passed P.A. of Karve University will be presented.

HARIKATHA: Under the auspices of the Bombay Kannada Sangha, Matunga, Mr. B. Tirumalachar will conduct a Harikatha performance in Kannada on "Purandara Dasa" in the hall of the Mysore Association, King's Circle at 4 p.m. (S.T.) to-day (Sunday).

S. I. ASSOCIATION, BOMBAY: The South Indian Association, Bombay, has arranged an Exhibition Hu-tu-tu ('Kabbadi') match on the Association grounds to-day (Sunday) at 4 p.m. Sri Hanuman Vyayam Sa'la will be participating in the game. All are welcome.

UNITED LODGE OF THEOSOPHISTS: "Dreams, The Day Time of the Soul" will be the subject of a public lecture, followed by questions and answers, at Jehanvi Wadia Building, opposite Flora Fountain, to-day (Sunday) at 5-15 p.m.

BOMBAY SPIRITUAL CENTRE: The first anniversary of the above will be celebrated to-day (Sunday) at 4 p.m. at "Wassodev Bhavan," No. 2 Laburnum Road, Gamdevi, when Swami Satyanandagiri, will preside.

BENGAL CLUB CUP LEAGUE: The following matches in the Bengal Club Cup League will be played at the St. Xavier's College Gymkhana ground, Parel, to-day (Sunday):
4-45 p.m. Bhimsa S. C. v. Burmah Shell.
5-45 p.m. Indian Gymkhana v. Dandi Union.

THANA CATHOLIC ASSOCIATION: The prize distribution of the above Association will be held at the Marathi Granth Sangrahalaya (opposite the Kri'ba Bhuvan Tennis Courts) to-day (Sunday) at 6 p.m. Rev. Dr. Wilfred Pereira, Principal, will preside and distribute the prizes. A social and Whist Drive will follow the above prize distribution in celebration of the Parish Feast.

BOMBAY ADULT EDUCATION COMMITTEE: The programme of meetings to be held as a propaganda measure for the July October session of the Literacy Campaign is fixed as under:—
To-day (Sunday) at 10 p.m. at Naigam Urdu School, Mr. Mohamed Umar presiding.
Monday, June 29 at 10 p.m. at Imamwada Municipal School, Moulavi Fazlulh Khan presiding.
Tuesday, June 30 at 10 p.m. at Sankh Street Urdu School, Dr. Abdul Qayyum presiding.



Mr. Mahomed Tahir of Bandra who became an M.B.E. in the last Birthday Honours' list.

A.R.P. RALLY ON JULY 6.

An A.R.P. Rally will be held in Bombay on July 6. To enable members of the various A.R.P. organisations to attend, the Government has decided to close all its offices in the city and suburbs at 2 p.m. on that day.

It is hoped that other employers also will release those members of their staff who belong to the A.R.P. organisations to enable them to attend the Rally, writes the Director of Information.

WARDENS' RALLY: A rally of Wards belonging to Dadar East Division followed by a demonstration will be held to-day (Sunday) at 4-30 p.m. at the King George English High School, Hindu Colony, Dadar. Mr. D. Symington, A.R.P. Controller, Bombay, will inspect the Rally and preside over the demonstration.

WARDENS' RALLY: A rally of A.R.P. Wards and First-Aiders will be held at the Headquarters of this Area situated at Nawab Kamal Chawl at Memonwada Road (opposite Police Quarters), off Sandhurst Road East, near Bhendi Bazar, to-day (Sunday) at 9-30 a.m., when Mr. D. Symington, will preside.

RALLY OF KALBADEVI WARDENS: A rally of all Kalbadevi Wards will be held to-day (Sunday) at 8-30 a.m. (S.T.) on the grounds of the Catholic Gymkhana, Kennedy Sea Face. All Wards should turn out in their regular uniform with complete equipment. The A.R.P. Controller and the Asst. A.R.P. Controllers have been invited to witness this rally and the Kilo-Mg. (Electron) bomb demonstration.

TODAY'S TRAFFIC AT MARINE DRIVE: The eastern half of Marine Drive from its junction with Churchgate Street to its junction with Chowpatty will be reserved for an A.R.P. Parade between 9-30 a.m. and 12 noon to-day (Sunday) and will be closed to south-bound traffic.

BOMBAY ADULT EDUCATION COMMITTEE: The programme of the Literacy Campaign for to-day (Sunday) is as under: 7 p.m. Curry Road, Chandi Chawl, and at 9 p.m. Khetwadi, 4th Lane. Sjis. Khtimji M. Bhujporia, N. M. Kale, R. C. Varma, P. D. Pakhandwar, will speak.

COLONIAL INDIAN STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION: The fourth annual general meeting of the C. I. S. A. will take place to-day (Sunday) at 100 Mohamed Ali Road, Bombay at 3-30 p.m.

Rajaji's Lecture

Under the joint auspices of the South Indian Association, Bombay, and the Ashika Samaj, Mr. C. Rajagopalachari will deliver a public lecture in Tamil, to-day (Sunday) at 2-30 p.m. (S.T.) at the Ashika Samaj Hall, Matunga (G. I. P.).

ON THE AIR

SUNDAY, June 28.

Delhi I—Programme

338.6 metres (886 kc/s)
5 p.m. Hamtarah Ghazien, 5-15 Pran Nath, 5-30 Sardarbai, 6-30 Zohra Jan, 6-45 Nisar Ahmad Khan, 7-5 R. R. Chowdhury, 7-15 Jawab Men, 7-30 ~~Shah~~ on Sarangi, 7-36 It has happened, 7-40 Zohra Jan, 8 Bhajan aur geet, 8-15 For villagers only, 9-50 Naimuddin, 10 Nisar Ahmad Khan, 10-15 Zohra Jan, 10-30 Sardarbai.

Bombay I—Programme

244 metres (1,231 kc/s)
7-30 a.m. Light selection, 7-50 News in Hindustani, 8 News in English, 8-10 Gujarati Garbas, 8-50 News in Marathi, 9 News in Gujarati, 9-10 Sardar Mansur, 9-25 S. G. Mohiyuddin, 9-40 Latafat Hussain, 11-15 All Orchestra, 11-15 Ratnakant Kamnathkar, 11-30 News play, 11-45 Mumtaz Begam, 12 noon Hirabai Barodekar, 12-57 p.m. News in Hindustani, 1 His own choice, 1-15 Madhu-Kujan, 1-30 News in English, 1-35 Lunch hour music, 5 To-morrow, 5-5 Mangaisootra, 5-20 Sardar Mansur, 5-40 News in Marathi, 5-45 News in Gujarati, 5-50 Abhang 6 News in English, 6-10 Counter-attack, 6-15 News in Hindustani, 6-25 Local news and announcements, 6-30 Latafat Hussain, 7 S. G. Mohiyuddin, 7-15 Bhaygeet and pad, 7-30 Mumtaz Begam, 7-45 News commentary, 7-50 Marathi pad, 8 Instrumental duet, 8-10 News in Marathi, 8-20 News in Gujarati, 8-30 For our universities, 8-45 News play, 9 News in Hindustani, 9-15 News commentary in Hindustani, 9-20 News in English, 9-30 B B C News relay, 9-45 Listening post, 9-50 War review, 10 Recorded European music, 10-20 Eva Kahn, 10-30 Alfredo and his orchestra.

Bombay II—Programme.

41.44 metres (7,240 kc/s)
7-30 to 7-50 a.m. As in Bombay I, 7-40 Instrumental melodies, 8 Tarana, 8-10 to 8-50 As in Bombay I, 8-50 Amritlal Navsariwala, 9-10 to 10 As in Bombay I
41.44 metres (7,240 kc/s)
11 to 2-25 p.m. As in Bombay I
41.44 metres (7,240 kc/s)
5 to 7-15 p.m. As in Bombay I, 7-15 Interval.
61.48 metres (4,880 kc/s)
7-30 to 8-10 As in Bombay I, 8-10 Ratnakant Kamnathkar, 8-30 to 9 As in Bombay I, 9 Film tunes, 9-10 Mumtaz Begam, 9-25 Latafat Hussain, 9-55 S. G. Mohiyuddin, 10-30 Hirabai Barodekar.

RECEPTION TO NIMBKAR

The Bombay Presidency Committee of the Indian Federation of Labour gave a dinner in honour of Mr. R. S. Nimbkar, Adviser, Labour Welfare, Government of India on Thursday night at the Purohit Hindu Vish-anti Griha.

The dinner was attended by a number of trade union leaders in the city.

FIRST-AID EXAMINATION: To-day (Sunday) is fixed up for First-Aid Examination (in English and Marathi) of all P.V.B. First-Aid Students from 'D' Ward. The place of examination will be Jinnah Hall and the time will be 3-30 p.m. (S.T.) Prior to the examination, there will be a refresher course to-day (Sunday) and 30th June and 2nd July for Marathi students and 25th June, 1st July and 3rd July for English students. The time for these classes will be 8-30 p.m. on all days, and the place will be Jinnah Hall, Congress House.

INDIAN MUSIC: The Shreemant Sayaji-rao Maharaj Sangeet Kalabhavan has arranged a lecture for to-day (Sunday) at 7-30 p.m. in the Kalabhavan Hall, at Vahedina Mansion, Parel, Poibawdi. Prof. Yeshwant-rao (Sangeet Kesari) will speak on "How Indian music will acquire world fame."

BOMBAY MUSIC CIRCLE: A musical demonstration under the auspices of the Circle will be held to-day (Sunday) at 8-30 a.m. (S.T.) at Laxmi Bang New Bhatas' when Prof. Ratanjankar, Principal, Morris College of Music, Lucknow, will demonstrate Indian classical tunes.

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INDIANS ON TOP

A NEW CHAPTER IN BOMBAY'S SOCCER HISTORY

A new chapter in Bombay's football history was opened at the Cooperage on Sunday last. In the first International engagement arranged by the W.I.F.A., Indians beat Europeans by a brace of goals. Few people had thought until a year or two ago, that Indian football on this side of the country had advanced to such an extent. Last year the Hindus, by winning the communal Pentagonal, showed that they were capable of holding their own against the various communities joined together under separate flags. It is very likely they would repeat their performance this year if the Tournament is held again. But the matter of gratification and congratulation to all Indians, irrespective of their caste or creed, is that a combined Indian team conquered a combined European side in the best manner possible.

TWENTY YEARS AGO

Twenty years ago and more when we were playing in the First Division of the Harwood League, not only Europeans but even Indians used to laugh at our efforts. They would ask us, "why don't you play with boots on? You can't play with bare feet against booted teams." Not that we used to play badly—in fact our efforts on dry grounds were fairly good—but under wet conditions we were always in a hopeless mess. I remember a day when the Bombay Gymkhana piled up fourteen goals against us—the Bengal United! The Gymkhana team in those days were not like their present successors. Every team had great respect for their abilities and fighting qualities, though they could not become Champions either in the Harwood League or the Rovers Cup. It was a veritable quagmire on the day we played the Gymkhana. You cannot compare the present Cooperage with its state in the days of yore.

MOHUN BAGAN'S DEBUT

However, we were not disheartened. We knew where the main-spring of our weakness lay. Our forwards could not, and would not, shoot even when placed near the goal-mouth. This weakness persists even to-day amongst most Indian players, if not all! There was one European player, W. J. Baker, who had always a word of sympathy and encouragement for us. When he became a Secretary of the W.I.F.A., he persuaded me and the Committee to invite the famous Mohun Bagan Club from Calcutta for the Rovers Tournament. The W.I.F.A. could offer

BY J. C. MAITRA

only Rs. 300 towards their expenses. As I was anxious to show the Bombay folks how Indians could play against booted teams with bare feet, I undertook the responsibility of making their journey possible. That was the first visit of an Indian team from up-country to this city in the year 1923.

TORNADO OF CHEERING

The Mohun Bagan took Bombay literally by storm. One of the big banyan trees at the south-east corner of the Cooperage ground still bears witness to that 'terrible' tornado. A huge branch with a load of 50 enthusiasts crashed to the ground when the Indian team took the lead against the Durhams in the final match. It is said that this was the result of a burst of cheering! The Mohun Bagan held on to the lead till the last quarter when a penalty kick changed the whole complexion of the game in favour of the soldiers. The Mohun Bagan goal-keepers lost his nerves fumbled and gave away three more goals. Apart from the result of the match, there was not the least doubt about the superiority of the Indian players, especially in the departments of ball-control and positional play. As usual their defect lay in shooting the target.

SPECIAL FACILITIES FOR INDIANS

The visit of the Mohun Bagan gave a great fillip to Indian football in Bombay. It became the ambition of many a player to become a full-back like Gostho Paul a centre-half like Balai Chatterjee or a forward like Kumar. Several Indian Clubs sprang up. But want of facilities for playing football made their progress rather slow. At this stage the W.I.F.A. took the right step in inaugurating a knock-out tournament for Indian teams only. The Nadkarni Cup, which was meant for juvenile teams and was lying idle for over ten years, was used for the purpose. Soon after the Indian League was started at Parel. The second visit of the Mohun Bagan in 1927 to play a couple of Charity Matches in aid of the Gujarat Flood Relief Fund, which by the way, yielded the record figure of Rs. 10,000, and the participation of other crack teams from Calcutta and other centres in the Rovers Cup in subsequent years kept up the enthusiasm of Indian players.

LESSON FROM MOHAMEDAN SPORTING

Still the goal of reaching the standard of the Mohun Bagan was far off. Besides the failures of Indian teams generally under wet conditions sent up the cry for boots again and again. Many a lover of Indian football advised Indians to give up their barefooted style of play and tane to boots. It was not possible to bear Europeans they said, under unequal conditions, especially having regard to the fact that it was a monsoon game and rain played an important part in the decision of a contest. In the meantime, the leading clubs in Calcutta had made revolutionary changes in the methods of their play. When dry, play barefeet, and when wet with boots on. The Mahomedan Sporting had adopted this system so effectively that they had almost swept everything before them in the country. During the last few years they have dominated Indian football in a manner no other team had done before.

A SEVERE HANDICAP

Indian players in Bombay are slowly adopting this dual system. Unfortunately want of play grounds made their progress difficult. It can be easily realised how difficult it is to master one style of play, whether booted or bare-footed. To master both would need assiduous practice in both. All the practice our players get is from tournament play. Fortunately, there are several tournaments, leagues and knock-outs, now being held in the city. They give their good practice and experience. But to attain the highest calibre one needs more intensive and well-regulated practice. It is really a

marvel that, despite this serious handicap, our players have improved at least their barefooted style of play to such a high degree.

DIRECT METHODS

Turning to the match in reference both the teams were somewhat handicapped by the slippery condition of the ground. It suited neither of them. It seemed to me that the Indian players were a little nervous to start with. Perhaps the importance of the occasion weighed with them to a certain extent. Gradually they were able to shake off their "stage-fright" and play with confidence. It is a pity Mandon and Raja could not take their places in the team as both of them were "hors de combat". Suwarna and Mazumdar filled the vacancies creditably. But there was something lacking in the team-work of the defence lines. Maybe want of understanding. However everyone played well with Kadirvelu, the custodian, and Thomas, inside left, outstanding. I only wish the forwards and even some of the defenders, adopted more of the direct methods instead of passing and re-passing between themselves and dodging everybody in front of them. The two goals scored by Thomas were real beauties.

EUROPEANS FOUGHT WELL

The Europeans combined much better than expected. Not only had they equal share of the exchanges they held their opponents on tenter hooks time and again. But for the splendid goal keeping of Kadirvelu and the timely clearances by the Indian defenders, the result of the match might have been different. Nobody can blame Drynan for the goals scored against him. They were shot from too close a range. On the other hand, he saved several dangerous shots. Atkinson and Ross performed their duties in the second line of defence in excellent manner. But the wing halves found Naidu and Dhakuram too fast for them at times. Their forwards might have fared better if they had used their best man, Blaxham, more often. It was after all the speed of the barefooted Indians which told on the heavily shod Europeans. A well fought-out game efficiently supervised by S. C. Ghosh, brought in Rs. 2,600 for the benefit of the Navy Sheepskin Jackets Fund.

FURTHER ENCOURAGEMENT

It is agreed on all hands that the first International match between Indians and Europeans has proved a tremendous success. It is hoped that it will be made a regular annual feature of their programme by the W.I.F.A. I have no doubt charitable causes will benefit greatly by it as they do in Calcutta. With the standard of Bombay's football rising so high it is very necessary that Bombay should make every effort to participate in the Inter-Provincial Tournament, if it is held this season. It will not only be a great encouragement to our players, but there is every possibility of our winning the championship. Some people may call it a vain hope. But I think that our standard is now sufficiently high to give Bengal, Mysore or Delhi a worthy fight. Unfortunately war conditions do not permit the participation of our teams, like the W.I.A.A. Staff, in other prominent tournaments outside this Presidency. Time has come to encourage such participation. I am sure the W.I.F.A. will not come in the way of clubs intending to visit other provinces in quest of honour and friendship.

10-ROUND NON-TITLE BOXING BOUT

FOOT RILEY (Kansas), June 27. Sanjay Angott, the world lightweight champion, is signed to box a 10-round non-title bout with Ray Robinson at Madisons Square Garden on 30th July. Tami Turnello is signed to fight Red Burman at the Garden on 23rd July. The winner meets Savold in August.—Reuter.

His Highness the Maharajah of Bikaner is now convalescent and permitted to go out driving. No further bulletins will be issued.

CINEMA

OSMAN WOO SEES

"KHAN-DAAN"

Mr. Osman K. H. Woo (3rd from left), Representative of the Islamic Federation of China, now in Bombay, photographed at New West End, last Saturday, when he had come to witness "Khan-Daan". "I enjoyed it immensely" was what he had to say about it. Before Mr. Woo took his departure, he was presented with a replica of Taj Mahal in ivory by the management of Famous Pictures Limited.

Ranjit's "Arman" Coming

"Arman" is Ranjit's coming attraction. It has a novel theme uniquely treated. The story is sentimental and very entertaining. It is written by Kedar Sharma who is also responsible for touchy dialogues and sweet songs. The story depicts the thrilling episodes of a scientist's life and true love of a rustic girl. The direction by Kedar Sharma is very brilliant. "Arman" has a powerful cast like Motilal, Shamim, Nagendra, Rajendra and Meera.

"Vijay" In 4th Week At Swastik

National's "Vijay", now in its fourth week at the Swastik Talkies, shows a clever story skilfully interwoven with beautiful melodies.

The story is built around two young people—Vijay and Dulari—played by Harish and Husn Banu respectively—who are betrothed from childhood. Vijay is an orphan under the care of his brother-in-law Kamtaprasad (Sankatha) and his sister Jiji (Durga Khote) while Dulari is a poor Brahmin girl. Vijay is rich and his estate is managed for him by his brother-in-law.

"Pahila Palna" Popular Among Women

"Pahila Palna" now in 13th week at Central, is particularly popular among women, because it mainly deals with the problem of women; matrimony and motherhood are the subjects discussed in the picture from the angle of women. And as most of the women are wives and mothers—and proudly so—they find the conclusions drawn in "Pahila Palna" by the author most satisfactory.

"Bhagat Surdas"

Director Chaturbhuj Doshi is going fast ahead with Ranjit's devotional picture "Bhagat Surdas" featuring the most popular team of the Indian screen Saigal and Khurshid. The story is by Gunvantrai Acharya whereas songs and dialogues are by D. N. Mudhok, Jnan Dutt is sure to give the best music.

Minerva's "Phir Milenge"

Director Sohrab Modi has completed his latest picture "Phir Milenge" and it is scheduled to be released shortly in one of the favourite theatres of Bombay.

"Phir Milenge" is a picture with the usual Modi stamp, presenting such stars as Sardar Akhtar, Sadiq Ali, Meena, K. N. Singh and several others.

"DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE" AT PALACE

Stars, thrills, drama, all combine to make "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde", M-G-M's brilliant filmization of Robert Louis Stevenson's thrilling classic, which is at Palace this week. Spencer Tracy plays the dual title character. Ingrid Bergman is seen for the first time as a "bad girl", and Lana Turner is cast as Tracy's fiancée.

The picture for this Sunday morning show at Palace is "Love Time" starring Pat Paterson and Nils Asther. It deals with the life, the romance and the beautiful music of the world famous composer, Schubert.

SUNDAY SHOW AT CAPITOL

"Wee Willie Winkle" starring Shirley Temple with Victor McLaglen will be shown at Capitol on Sunday (to-morrow) at 10-30 a.m.

"THEY MET IN BOMBAY" AT AURORA

"They Met In Bombay" co-stars Clark Gable and Rosalind Russell for the first time in a drama packed with action and intrigue at Aurora, this week.

Commanding Full-Houses
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SUBHAGYA'S Comedy-Hit

दुनिया एक तमाशा

"The World's a Play"

Starring:

SARDAR AKHTAR, URMILA-
DEVI, GOPE

Daily: 3-30, 6-30, 9-30 p.m.

Sat., Sun., Matinees 1 p.m.

NOVELTY

Sunday Morning at 10

"BARRETS OF
WIMPOLE STREET"

BOMBAY COTTON

Bombay, June 27.
Following a decline of 6 points in New York cotton futures the local market opened at Rs. 194 for Broach J/A delivery and advanced to Rs. 194/8. At this level there was general selling and prices declined to Rs. 192/8. Professional support soon appeared and prices hardened to Rs. 195/4. At the moment the market is a two sided affair in view of approaching delivery period. There was moderate buying and prices advanced to Rs. 195/12 but reacted to Rs. 194/12 on scattered realising. The market closed at 3 p.m. as under:—
BROACH July/August Rs. 195 0 0
OOMRA July 168 0 0
BENGAL July 162 8 0
HIGH & LOW COTTON PRICES:
Broach J/A highest 197 1/2; lowest 193 1/4; closing 193 1/4
Oomra July highest 170 1/2; lowest 166 1/2; closing 166 1/2
Bengal July highest 166; lowest 162; closing 162.

COTTON ROOM RATES

Bombay, June 27.				
Extra	Spr-fine	Sup	Fine	FG Good
M G Bengal U.P.	169	166	163	160
M G Punjab	169	166	163	160
M G Rajputana	175	172	169	166
M G Oomra No. 3	175	172	169	166
M G C. P. No. 1	175	172	169	166
M G C. P. No. 2	187	184	181	178
M G Broach No. 2	202	199	196	193
M G Punj-Ameri	282	279	276	273
M G Surat	392	389	386	383
M G Rajppla	387	384	381	378
M G Navsari	397	394	391	388

INDIAN COTTON FIGURES

Bombay, June 27.			
RECEIPTS INTO BOMBAY.			
Since 1st September.			
In full-pressed Bales.	Yester-day	This year	Last year
Khandesh	20,605	99,565	99,565
Central India	30,055	142,275	142,275
Barsi and Nagar	53,110	112,799	112,799
Hyderabad/Gaorani	18,421	46,931	46,931
Berar	177,756	368,856	368,856
Central Provinces	87,565	76,396	76,396
Total Oomras	447,512	853,224	853,224
Dholeras	33,233	94,397	94,397
N.W. Provinces	1,425	1,320	1,320
Rajputana	402	6,500	6,500
Sind-Punjab	411,863	533,575	533,575
Broach	59	319,364	297,014
Coompta & Dharwar	156	23,801	116,965
Western-Northern	527	27,485	93,161
Cocanada & Cambodia	15,333	7,310	7,310
Arr. by road to 18th June 42	92,500	312,133	312,133

READY COTTON QUOTATIONS

Bombay, June 27.		
	Old	Ready
Bengal	167/70	167/70
Berar	150/55	174/77
C. P. 1	160/65	174/77
C. P. 2	155/58	194/96
Khandesh	130/40	181/86
Mugla	145/50	145/50
Broach	145/50	200/8
Broach Low	135/40	135/40

BOMBAY YARN QUOTATIONS

Bombay, June 27.		
Yarn No. 6 1/2s June 217; August 218	217	218
Yarn No. 10 1/2s June 253; August 265	253	265
Yarn No. 20 1/2s June 364; August 369	364	369
Yarn No. 40s June 545; August 550	545	550
Quotations for 6 1/2s, 10 1/2s, 40s, are nominal.		

METAL EXCHANGE QUOTATIONS

Bombay, June 27.		
Copper sheets 1b 21 Rs. 155 28 154 35 153	155 28	154 35 153
Brass sheets Flag Brand 1b 20-21 Rs. 126	126	
24 118 28 110 35 110 42 109 49 56 109	110 35	110 42 109 49 56 109
Spelter 'P.H.' Rs. 115 Rosita Rs. 112	115	112
Country make Rs. 11 Piglead 'B.M.' Refined Rs. 55 per cwt.	115	112
Settlement Rates:—		
Copper sheets Ashad Rs. 145	145	
Piglead 'B.M.' Ashad Rs. 145	145	
Market Tone:—Steady.		

LINSEED AND WHEAT

Bombay, June 27.		
Gr. Nut August	4 0 0	4 0 0
Cast. seed September	2 0 0	2 0 0
Cast. seed September	2 0 0	2 0 0
Silver 2nd Settlement	2 8 0	2 8 0
Gold 2nd Settlement	1 5 0	1 5 0

Groundnuts And Seeds

Bombay, June 27.		
Groundnuts August—		
Opening	61 4 0	61 4 0
Highest	62 4 0	62 4 0
Lowest	61 1 0	61 1 0
Closing	61 15 0	61 15 0
Cottonseeds September—		
Opening	30 3 0	30 3 0
Highest	30 5 0	30 5 0
Lowest	30 2 0	30 2 0
Closing	30 2 0	30 2 0
Castor seeds September—		
Opening	59 0 0	59 0 0
Highest	59 14 0	59 14 0
Lowest	59 0 0	59 0 0
Closing	59 12 0	59 12 0
Linseed September—		
Closing	8 5 6	8 5 6

PEPPER AND GINGER

Bombay, June 27.		
Pepper Ready	Rs. 195 0 0	Rs. 195 0 0
Pepper Ashad 15	190 0 0	190 0 0
Ginger ready	97 0 0	97 0 0

BOMBAY METALS

Bombay, June 27.		
Yellow Metal Sheet	Rs. 122 0 0	Rs. 122 0 0
Copper Sheets	146 0 0	146 0 0
Copper Sheets	146 0 0	146 0 0
Tone:—Steady.		

Position Of Scheduled Banks

Statement of the position of Scheduled Banks as at the close of business on the 19th June.	
Demand Liabilities in India	263,00,71,000
Time Liabilities in India	96,68,71,000
Cash in India:	
(i) Currency Notes of the Gov. of India and Bank Notes	10,75,52,000
(ii) Rupee Coin	1,07,75,000
(iii) Subsidiary Coin	31,99,000
Balances with Reserve Bank	59,36,14,000
Advances in India	96,69,66,000
Bills discounted in India	1,49,71,000

LONDON SILVER

London, June 26	
Spot	23 1/2
Forward	23 1/2

WEEKLY RETURNS OF STOCKS TO BE SENT TO CONTROLLER

Order On Rice-Dealers With Outlay Of 25 Maunds

The Director of Information, Bombay, writes:—
At present every dealer in rice (including an importing agent) in the City of Bombay has to furnish on every Tuesday to the Controller of Prices, Bombay a full and correct statement in the prescribed form of the stocks of rice in excess of 100 bags held by him on his own account or on account of any other person in connection with his business.
This, however, does not give a correct idea of the stocks of rice available in the City as there are a large number of dealers holding quantities which, though less than 100 bags each, are not negligible.
The Government of Bombay has, therefore, issued an Order making it compulsory for dealers holding 25 maunds or more of rice to send weekly returns of their stocks to the Controller of Prices (Statistics Department).
The Government of Bombay has, therefore, issued an Order making it compulsory for dealers holding 25 maunds or more of rice to send weekly returns of their stocks to the Controller of Prices (Statistics Department).

TATA STEEL DIVIDEND

Part Payment By Income Stock Certs

BOMBAY, June 27.
The Directors of the Tata Iron and Steel Company have decided to recommend to the shareholders, the following dividends for the year ended 31st March, 1942:—
On the First Preference shares at Rs. 9 per share, less income-tax;
On the Second Preference shares at Rs. 7/8 per share, less income-tax;
On the Ordinary shares at Rs. 27 per share; On the Deferred shares at Rs. 158-4-0 per share.
In order to conserve the resources of the Company in these times of emergency, the Directors have decided that the dividends on the Ordinary and Deferred shares should be paid in the following manner:—
Rs. 15 per Ordinary share and Rs. 72-4 per Deferred share will be paid in cash, and the balance of Rs. 12 per Ordinary share and Rs. 86 per Deferred share will be satisfied by the issue of Income Stock Certificates carrying simple interest at 3 per cent per annum and repayable at any time at the option of the Company within three years.

GOLD & SILVER

Bombay, June 27.
Yesterday London gold was unchanged at £8-8-0 Dollar sterling cross rate was 4.02 1/2 to 4.03 1/2 at London and 4.03 3/4 at New York.
London spot and forward silver quotations were unchanged at 23 1/2d. There was a small trade demand which was met officially. New York spot silver was unchanged at 35 1/8 cents London Bombay spot and forward silver parity was Rs. 62-10-3. The local market quietly steady with a moderate turnover. Quotations were as under:—
GOLD
Ready Rs. 49 12 0
Jeth 49 12 0
Sovereigns 37 12 0
SILVER
Ready 84 4 0
Jeth 83 12 0

INDIAN STOCK EXCHANGE

Bombay, June 27.
The market ruled slightly better than yesterday. Tata Deferreds were quoted at 1465 and Tata Ordinaries at 292.
Bombay Dyeings were steady at 1250.
Indian Irons improved to 26-8.
The following were the important quotations on the Exchange, to-day:—
Tata Deferreds (1450), 1450, 1470, 1465.
Tata Ordinaries (290), 290, 293, 292.
Tata Ordinary 292; Tata Deferred 1465; Indian Iron 26-8; Steel Corp. of Bengal 16-8; Bombay Dyeing 1250; Central India 370; Century 460; Gokak 259-6; Kolihoor 485; Simplex 217; Andhra Valley 1610; Tata Hydro 1652; Tata Power 1490; Associated Cement 167-8; Belapur 231-4; Bombay Burma (old) 225

SOLDIERS SENTENCED

BOMBAY, Saturday.
Mr. K. J. Khamata, Presidency Magistrate of the Girgaum Police Court, sentenced 12 out of the 15 soldiers who were charged with being members of an unlawful assembly, rioting, committing mischief and voluntarily causing hurt to three persons including a Police Officer and a Havildar of Police whilst in the discharge of their duties as public servants.
The Magistrate took a serious view of the case and the accused were sentenced to undergo imprisonment to various terms ranging from one to three months' R.I. and to pay fines of different amounts from Rs. 75 down to Rs. 30.
The prosecution story was that on May 5th two soldiers went to the Sagar Photo Studio at Chowpatty for some photos. They happened to have some hot words with the proprietor and promised to "show him" the next day.
The next day a number of soldiers showed up at the studio and created a disturbance resulting in injuries to a number of persons.

NEWSPRINT CONTROL

Warning To Proprietors

NEW DELHI, June 27.
A Press Communique says:—
"Under paragraph 5 of the Newsprint Control Order, 1941, every proprietor of a newspaper is required to submit to the Chief Controller of Imports, on or before the 15th day of every month in the prescribed form a true return of the amount of newsprint held, acquired, consumed and otherwise disposed of by him during the preceding calendar month. Proprietors of newspapers are warned that if they do not submit the return regularly, they will

Latest Commercial

COTTON

New York, June 27	
Previous closing	18.09
To-day's opening	18.15
Difference	+06
To-day's closing	18.19
Difference	+10

NEW YORK COTTON

Following are the New York opening ranges:—
July (18.17/17) 18.15/14
October (18.66/60) 18.48/48
December (18.75/74) 18.63/63

LONDON COMMODITIES

London, June 27	
Castor seeds	Bombay June/July (£24 sellers) closed
Linseed Calcutta June/July	unquoted
Linseed La Plata June/July (£18	15/16 quoted) closed
Groundnuts Coromanda June/July	(East Coast India shipment not quoted) West Coast India shipment (£24 sellers) closed.
LONDON METALS	
Electric Copper (£62) closed	
Lead (£25) closed	
Glasgow Iron No. 3 (131 sh.)	closed

EXCHANGE:

CROSS RATES	
T. T. NEW YORK ON LONDON	
Previous closing	4.03 3/4
To-day's opening	4.03 3/4
T. T. LONDON ON NEW YORK	
Previous closing	4.02 1/2 sellers: 4.03 1/2 buyers.
To-day's opening	4.02 1/2 sellers: 4.03 1/2 buyers.
To-day's closing	4.02 1/2 sellers: 4.03 1/2 buyers.

LONDON BULLION

LONDON GOLD	
London Gold (£8-8-0) closed	
LONDON SILVER	
Spot (23 1/2d) closed	
Forward (23 1/2d) closed	

CROSS RATES	
London on Bombay (1.6 1/32 sellers: 1.5 31/32 buyers)	1.5 31/32 buyers
New York on Bombay (30.35) 30.36	
DISCOUNTS	
3 months (1 1/32 to 1 1/16 per cent)	1 1/32 to 1 1/16 per cent.
4 months (1 1/32 to 1 1/16 per cent)	1 1/32 to 1 1/16 per cent.
6 months (1 1/16 to 1 1/8 per cent)	1 1/16 to 1 1/8 per cent.

LONDON STOCK EXCHANGE

London Stock Exchange was closed to-day.

New York Stock Exchange

New York, June 27.
New York Stock Exchange opening prices: General Motors (dol 36 1/2) dol 36 1/4 Anaconda Copper Mining (dol 24 1/2) dol 24 3/8 United States Steel Common (dol 46 1/4) dol 46 1/8 United States Steel Preference (dol 106) unquoted

EMANCIPATE

MUSLIM WOMEN

Atiya Begum Sponsors Progressive Educational Institutions

The All-India States Muslim League held a special session at Nagpur on June 26, when Atiya Begum was invited to move a resolution.
Atiya Begum moved the following resolution:—Under the auspices of the A.I.S.M.L. an organisation must be founded at once for the complete emancipation of Muslim women by creating educational institutions of every type conducive to progress.
Atiya Begum made a moving appeal to members for active support and co-operation.
Bilkis Fatima Sultan, the principal, Jubulpore High School for girls, seconded the motion in an eloquent speech.
Mr. Abdul Rahim of Kolhapur invited Atiya Begum for a week's programme. The Chief Secretary Mr. M. A. Siddiqui announced that a mass meeting of Muslims will be invited in Bombay in the 3rd week of July, the entire arrangements being left in the hands of Atiya Begum and Bilkis Sultan.
The A.I.S.M.L. will invite delegates from all over the states.
Atiya Begum later on visited the Music School, where she received a rousing welcome.

Janjira Students' Association Formed

(From Our Correspondent).
JANJIRA, June 26.
As a result of the strenuous efforts of Messrs. D. S. Umrookar and M. V. Virkud a Janjira Students' Association, the first of its kind in the history of Janjira State, has now been established with nearly 200 students on the roll as members.
On a deputation of the students under the leadership of Mr. Umrookar to Rao Bahadur Achrekar, the new Dewan of Janjira State, the Dewan has assured to do his best to further the laudable aims of the Association.
Mr. M. V. Virkud is appointed as president, Mr. Umrookar as Vice-President, Messrs. Sane as Chairman and Laud as Secretary of the Association.
run the risk of not being granted any quota of newsprint in future, apart from rendering themselves liable to action for violation of the Newsprint Control Order."—A.P.

Enemy Advance Slowed Down

Allies Covering Forces In Libya Fighting Magnificently

CAIRO, June 27.
Allied air forces have been fighting non-stop during the last few days and nights in a terrific attempt to hamper and interfere with the enemy organisations both in the forward area near Mersa Matruh and over the rear areas. Hour after hour fighters have been both engaging enemy planes along the coast near Mersa and shooting up the transports of troops. Benghazi has been given a respite after 48 hours of hammering and R. A. F. bombers have turned their attention to enemy movements over a wide area.
The slowing down of the enemy's advance has not been entirely voluntary on his part as the Allies' covering forces have been fighting magnificently and engaging the Germans continually. The present line of German attacks seems to be towards the coast about fifteen miles outside Mersa Matruh.—Reuter.

ALLIED AIR FORCE ACTIVE

CAIRO, June 27.
To-day's Middle East 'communique' states:
"By day and night bomber and fighter bomber operations of the Allied air force in the battle area have been turned against enemy ground forces and grounded air forces in the area west of Mersa Matruh.

Yesterday enemy troops advancing towards Mersa Matruh and in the Mescheifa area were attacked with success. Fighter and fighter bombers made low level attack on enemy aircraft and motor transport on a landing ground west of Mersa Matruh on Thursday night. Last night our bombers attacked tanks and transport vehicles between Sollum and Mersa Matruh with success. During operations over the battle area our Kittyhawk and Hurricane fighters destroyed seven Messerschmitt 109's and one of our reconnaissance aircraft destroyed a Junkers 52. Another formation of fighters groundstrafed traffic on the Buq Buq-Sidi Barrani road destroying seven lorries and damaging others and killing a number of enemy personnel.

ENEMY ATTACKS
Of two Messerschmitt 109's encountered during this attack one was shot down. Enemy bombers made attacks during Thursday night on our positions between Mersa Matruh and Daba. A Junkers 88 was destroyed by our night fighters. Spitfires intercepted a formation of Messerschmitts 109's patrolling off Malta on Thursday destroying two of them and probably a third. On the following night an enemy raid on Malta caused small damage. Our bombers continued their harassing attacks on enemy shipping in the central Mediterranean. Twelve of our aircraft are missing. Two pilots are believed to be safe."

LORD HALIFAX TO GO?

Technician Diplomat Likely Successor

(From Our Correspondent).
LONDON, June 26.
Unconfirmed reports reached London from Washington last night that Lord Halifax may be replaced by a technician diplomat with knowledge of production, shipping and supply problems.
Circles usually informed say that pooling of the shipping of the Allied nations and also other resources and many war missions may emerge out of the Roosevelt-Churchill discussions.

WORLD-WIDE WAR TRANSPORT BY AIR

WASHINGTON, June 27.
The establishment of a world wide military air transport system to carry men, materials and mail to the United States army's outposts was announced by the War Department on Friday.—Reuter

BATTLE OF MIDDLE EAST

JUNE 26.

It is a supreme irony that just when the Allied leaders had begun—for the first time since the war began!—to think in terms of offensive, they should be faced with the unexpected and severe reverse in Libya.

They are back again on the defensive on one of the most vital fronts of the global war. Rommel has 'cut' no time in gathering his Panzers and hurling them against what was so long the base line of the Eighth Army. The battle of Egypt has been joined in earnest and the coming week will prove extremely crucial. Britain has so long written off numerous territories. But Egypt cannot brook such a summary treatment, whatever may be its complacency in the present and confidence about the future. The valley of the Nile is the linchpin of the entire Allied defences in the Middle and Near East. The loss of Egypt will be nothing short of catastrophic and General Auchinleck will have to hang to it by his very eyelids.

This is not to say that the situation is desperate and that the Allies will not be able to retrieve it. As intimately concerned and astute an observer as Nahas Pasha, the Egyptian Premier, seems to have been satisfied with the military situation as a result of his talks with British authorities in Cairo, who gave him "a categorical assurance that they are firmly resolved to repulse to the last limit any aggression against Egyptian territory." The decision of General Auchinleck to fall back upon Mersa Matruh instead of defending the Capuzzo-Sollum-Halfaya sector must have been prompted purely by tactical considerations.

Back Again To 1940

It will be remembered that it was from Mersa Matruh that General Wavell made his lightning sweep over Cyrenaica in December 1940. In a sense we are back again to the position obtaining then.

True, Field Marshal Rommel is vastly more capable and well-equipped than the Italian General Graziani. But then the British forces in the Middle East, too, are much stronger both qualitatively and quantitatively in June 1942 than they were in December 1940, in spite of the misfortunes that have overtaken them during the last few weeks.

If General Wavell could have been able to deploy the striking power which has been available to his successor, he would have probably liquidated Libya as he did the other Italian strongholds in Africa. His inability to do so has led to a series of disastrous aftermaths ever since then, culminating in the present frontal attack on Egypt itself. The speed and determination with which Rommel is pressing his offensive show

reactions it will have on future developments.

Disastrous Consequences

In the first place, the precipitate retreat of the British army from Cyrenaica will have, paradoxically enough, unpleasant consequences for the British Navy in the Mediterranean. In Tobruk the enemy has gained a serviceable harbour, which will considerably relieve his supply difficulties. On the other hand, he has gained a number of new aerodromes, which will further hinder the operations of the Royal Navy. Malta particularly is now in a serious predicament and convoys sailing to it from Alexandria will have to run the gauntlet of the Luftwaffe from both sides right from the start. And Alexandria itself, which harbours the Mediterranean Fleet, is now within the easy reach of enemy bombers.

In the air also, the Axis position will henceforth be considerably better. The air supremacy which the British enjoyed during the last month will be appreciably reduced now that Rommel has gained so many aerodromes just behind his forward lines. His Panzers seem to have mostly operated on their own so long; now they can work in the wonted collaboration with the Luftwaffe. One may also predict an increased bombing of Egyptian cities, and this will have a vital bearing upon the future now that the fighting is going on within the Egyptian frontier itself. The political factor—it must be remembered that Egypt is still neutral—is likely to prove as important as the military one in days to come.

About the Eighth Army itself one only hopes that it is not so badly knocked as some Jeremiahs suppose. It is, indeed, inexplicable how General Ritchie's forces should have so suddenly gone to pieces, after having met and absorbed the first terrific onslaught of the Afrika Korps. That they gave so much ground so rapidly is not of very great importance in desert warfare. What sticks is one's gullet and makes one apprehensive about the future is the sudden surrender of the Tobruk garrison, which seems to have been left to its own resources. Its defences were practically swept off during the very first attack, while the main body of the Eighth Army was retreating precipitately.

Writing On The Wall

As a British newspaper put it "There has been some mighty blundering—blundering on a scale that Britain dare not indulge in." There was considerable criticism of the way the Middle East Command handled its offensive at the end of the last year and the present disaster is bound to lead to a flood of comments and protests. Not merely the generalship but also the equipment of Rommel have proved superior to that of his opposite. His tanks were better armoured—they were even said to be air-conditioned!—and his guns were more powerful.

For all those deficiencies, not merely General Auchinleck but the British High Command in London itself is responsible and no wonder that a regular motion of censure has been tabled in the House of Commons against the present British Government! It is a writing on the wall for Churchill after his two years and two months of supreme Premiership. This shock to British morale and to public opinion throughout the world is, to my mind, the most disastrous consequence of the Libyan defeat. Coming against the background of the fierce Russian resistance and the stirring American successes in the Pacific, it came as a bitter blow to British people just when they thought they were on the up-grade. The high hopes raised by the promise of a second front as adumbrated in the Anglo-Russian Pact—and for the realisation of which the British Premier went to Washington—have been suddenly dashed to the ground.

Grim Possibilities

Tobruk must have hung like a pall over White House and tasted

like gall and wormwood to the participants in the talks. What boots it to discuss the opening of a new front unless and until the Allies make sure of holding the fronts they already have?—This must have been the thought uppermost in everybody's mind in Washington. It is the second consecutive occasion that Churchill's visit to Roosevelt has synchronised with severe reverses to British arms. Last time it was Malaya and now it is Libya. He will have, indeed, a lot to explain to an angry Commons.

Dangerous in itself, Rommel's attack on Egypt gains a more sinister aspect when viewed as a well-integrated part of the German offensive as a whole. It is in fact one arm of a gigantic pincer, the other one being so firmly held by Marshal Timoshenko in Kharkov. It is vitally necessary not only for Egypt but also for Iran, Iraq, Syria, Turkey and, indeed, for Russia itself to check Rommel's advance. The Mediterranean is now the lifeline not merely of Britain, but of Russia and America, too. This life-line will be cut if the enemy is allowed to approach Alexandria and the Mediterranean will really become an Axis Lake.

The danger to Cyprus and Syria is naturally increased now and an airborne attack on the former may be launched at any moment from Crete. An invasion of Syria, even if carried as a diversion or feint will create great complications for the Allies and isolate Turkey. We must bear in mind all those grim possibilities while watching the course of the fateful Battle of Egypt during the next few days.

Churchill Is Confident

At the same time one must not take too pessimistic a view of the situation either. One must note that, in spite of his tide of success, Rommel, too, has suffered severe casualties during the last month. Relatively he may be stronger for the time being than General Auchinleck but his difficulties of supply increase the further advances. The Royal Navy is still taking heavy toll of Axis transports to Libya and the R. A. F. is keeping vigil every day over Benghazi—and now Tobruk. On the other hand General Auchinleck is now near his base and he can draw upon his reserves freely in the confidence that they will be made good without delay.

This must be the reasoning behind "the reassuring and even optimistic picture of the war situation as a whole", which Mr. Churchill presented to the Pacific War Council in Washington. Its members are said to have been completely satisfied even "regarding the reasons behind the capture of Tobruk, which he described as a temporary setback not affecting the ultimate outcome of the Battle of Egypt".

One only hopes that Churchill's confident words are speedily translated into action by the commanders in the field. Verily the scales of destiny are now precariously poised on the battlefield of Egypt and the smallest tilting on the wrong side will let loose an avalanche of misfortune for the Allies.

B. P. Adult Education Association

Monsoon Classes in Economics, Political Theory, German, Italian, Spanish, French, Greek, Hindustani, Marathi, Gujarati, Metaphysics, Sociology, Psychology in everyday Life, Biology, English Literature, Books of Our Times, The Making of Books, Radio Communication, Radio Servicing, will begin on June 29. Classes are held at Bombay and Dadar. Professors from local colleges will conduct these classes. For programmes and other information apply to the Association, Cama Institute, Museum East, Bombay 1.

SECURITY DEMAND CANCELLED

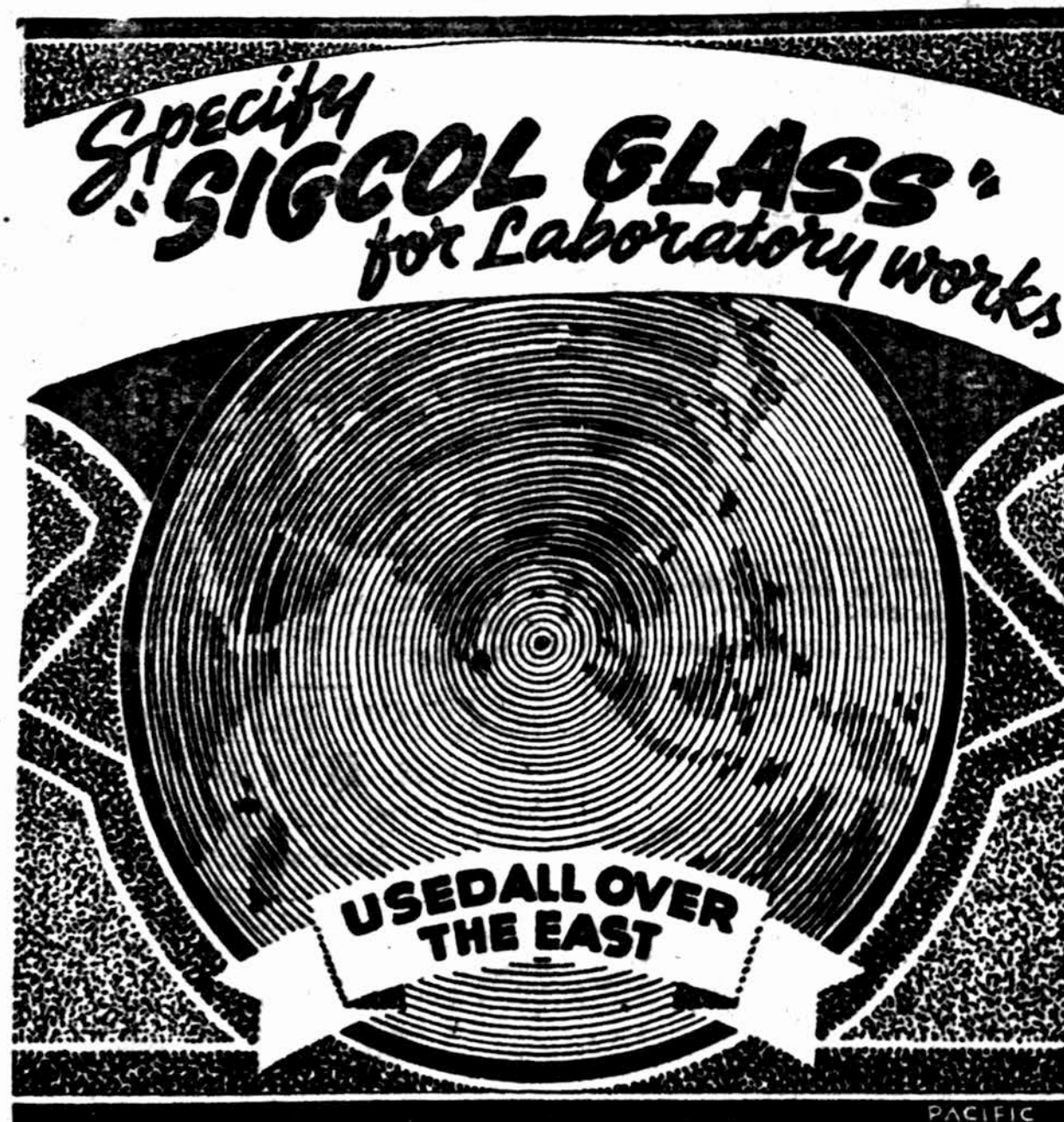
The Government of Bombay has cancelled its notices demanding securities of Rs. 500 from Mr. Abdulh. Fakhrudin Sayid, as keeper of the Muslim Gujarati Press, Surat, and publisher of the "Muslim Gujarati" newspaper.

A Week Of War

By N. G. Jog

that he disposes considerable armoured strength yet. He must be also anxious to exploit to the utmost the psychological results of the lightning capture of Tobruk, which had defied him for eight long months last year.

It is fruitless to try to speculate about the future. We have been so badly served by the military spokesmen in Cairo that no credence can be any longer attached to their periodical outpourings. The fact that soon after Rommel began his present offensive, they predicted either his annihilation in or retreat from the Devil's Cauldron indicates the fatuity possessing them. It is more profitable, therefore, to assess the situation as it obtains at present and the



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SIR GANGA RAM

HARVEST FROM THE DESERT by B. P. L. Bedy. Published by Sir Ganga Ram Trust Society Lahore.

This is a priceless account of the 'Life and Work of Sir Ganga Ram' whose name is familiar to every one in Punjab and to every social reformer in any part of India. His bequests are particularly known in respect of widows' remarriage and amelioration. Sir Ganga Ram was born in 1851 of poor parents. He had a long span of life and died at the ripe age of seventy-six. To the last day of his life he was harnessed to work. He was in England as a member of the Royal Commission for Agriculture in India of which the present Viceroy was Chairman.

He lived in those spacious days when a University degree was a passport to money-making especially a degree in engineering. He also lived in those days when race prejudice was at its highest. Lala Ganga Ram took his degree in engineering and was at once posted in the P.W.D. In due course he became Executive Engineer. But there he was blocked by colour prejudice in spite of the ability he showed. Luckily for him Lord Curzon was Viceroy then and took him up as the engineer in charge of the arrangements for the Coronation Durbar which was held in connection with the enthronement of King Edward VII. He made a tremendous success in that office but was not appointed to the post of the Superintending Engineer. Therefore he resigned in 1903, three years earlier than the proper superannuation date.

Indian Agriculture gained by this personal indignity. After retirement he gave to the country the full use of his wonderful engineering talents, which were till then wasted on the P.W.D. He had a scheme of lift irrigation works. He got a grant of 2,500 acres of land in the Chenab canal area. This land was six to nine feet higher than the canal level of water. Here he tried his lift irrigation scheme and succeeded so well that out of barren tracts of land arose the "Romance of Gangapur."

He did not stop with the success he achieved at Gangapur though he had reached the age of sixty. He entered on further and more venturesome experiments. He travelled all over Europe along with his son and with an enlarged mind made a success of everything that he undertook. In the Montgomery district alone he converted 80,000 acres of burning desert into rich farming land. His success were legion. In 1922 he was recommended for a knighthood by Sir Edward Maclagan who wrote:

"My object in recommending him for a knighthood was to secure verification for scientific and philanthropic work done for the benefit of the province outside the sphere of the politics of the day."

Then came the day when he thought he could do for the country what he had been doing for his province. He accepted a seat on the Royal Agricultural Commission in his seventy-fourth year. It was in that capacity that he went to England and worked as hard as the youngest member of the Commission. The labours proved too strenuous for him and he died in his London home on the tenth of July 1927. Of him Mahatma Gandhi wrote:

"India has every reason to be proud of having a man like Sir Ganga Ram as one of her distinguished sons."

We have no hesitation in recommending to every English knowing Indian this account of his life and work.

P. R. LELIE.

Ladies' Home-Tailoring

Miss C. N. Pohowala, by writing "Ladies Home-Tailoring or The Art of Sewing and Cutting" has rendered a valuable service to the tailoring world at large, and, more particularly to those who know Gujarati. There are nearly 60 diagrams with explanations to guide a novice. Her designs when rendered in practice do not involve high expenditure. They look more attractive and compel admiration.

Copies can be had at Rs. 3-8-0 per copy from Miss C. N. Pohowala, C/o The Ganga Ram Girls' School, Princess Street, Bombay.

F. K. B.

20th Century Political Philosophies

THE POLITICAL PHILOSOPHIES SINCE 1905. Vol. II Part III. By Benoy Kumar Sarkar. 1942.

The well-known author is a voracious reader and a prolific writer. A large number of essays, articles, speeches and writings of his have been published. They have flown in a continuous stream. They deal largely with modern social and sociological, political and economic, historical and philosophical problems and ideologies. The first volume of this book was published in 1922. It described and dealt with the contemporary writings and writers on the expansion of democracy, socialism and Asian freedom appearing from 1905 to 1922. The second volume deals with the epoch of neo-democracy and neo-socialism from 1929 to 1941. Its first part was published in 1941, the second part is still to be published. The third part now under review was published this year. The first two parts of the second volume contain four chapters. They deal with writings on freedom, demo-despotocracy and social capitalism, on ideas and ideals of sovereignty as well as public and private law; on ideas and ideals of economic welfare; and on ideas and ideals of international relations. Chapters V and VI are included in Part III. They deal with ideas and ideals of human development and societal speculation and ideas and ideals of mental and moral personality.

Generally we may say that part III deals with the sociological and philosophical currents in political thought. The book is very interesting. It is a compendium of information relating to prominent writers on the subject from 1929 to 1941. It is a collection of the author's notes, descriptive, critical and comparative, on those writers. He includes his own writings amongst them and compares his thought with theirs. There is no particular type of thought and its development given in the book, because of the method of giving their contemporary snapshots which he has adopted. One thread however runs through this aggregate of notes or compendium, and that is, that Bengal is, or will be the leader of world thought, and that Ramkrishna and Vivekananda (like Christ and Mahomed) whom he interprets in his own way are the twin forces of a new world-conquest and world-empire of a new creative Bengal born in the 20th century.

We fully agree with his view that "at no point of time can any one slogan, category or ism explain all the diverse ideas, ideals, institutions and movements obtaining in a single country, no matter how small its area or population. To attempt discovering any single slogan or ism that would even remotely cover the heterogeneous political thoughts and activities of the world is anything but reasonable." He is thus a pluralist and not a monist in the interpretation of social development and progress.

First he reviews the writings of prominent authors concerning the theories of progress in the form of short descriptive and critical notes. They are full of information, but do not satisfy an inquiring mind which wants to know more. But they reveal the modern opinion that the universe and history are pluralistic. The author also makes another point and, that is, new regions and new races come forward and contribute to progress. "Any law establishing a regular repetition cannot be discerned in the domain of social phenomena." Chance is a great factor in historic evolution of human destiny. Progress is ultimately nothing but creative disequilibrium. There is no finality.

After theories of progress he mentions the various views about race questions. He does not believe in the permanent superiority

or inferiority of races. New races come forward and lead mankind. Race is entirely subordinate to cultural setting. In the section on "East and West," he shows the fallacy of their difference by quoting a group of writers. New and young races are coming forward and will lead the world, like Japan and Bengal. Similarly he has collected the views of many writers on "crime and punishment" and on "population problems." In the second and last chapter he reviews the ideas and ideals of mental and moral personality by quoting from books of great writers published in 1929 and after. It is here that his "Bengalicism" is prominent. He says "As an embodiment of creative manhood Vivekananda is one of the world conquerors of our own times. He created the Bengali revolution of 1905. He is the father of modern materialism for India. Rama krishna has furnished the young and the new with the tremendous psychology world conquest. He believes in a Ramkrishna Empire of the world. "To-day the progress of mankind is being consummated with remarkable, strenuous and tenacity by the Ramkrishna Vivekananda movement."

At the end there is author's own preface to Abdus Sadaque's Indian

BOOKS AND THEIR AUTHORS

Constitutional Tangle, in which he reviews Indian Freedom Movement and the work of chief political parties in India. The book contains so many ideas, ideals and aspects of human life, philosophy, history, society, ethics, etc. advocated and preached in the modern world that it is not easy to review it. The author's ideas and ideals are given here and there, but they are not correlated and worked out in this book systematically by following a process of close reasoning and historical or factual justification. To review it would be reviewing a small encyclopaedia, whose nature is composite, whose proportion is not well laid, and whose thought is scattered, no doubt we admire the industry, the knowledge, the comprehensiveness of the author. But readers will not be able to reap as much benefit as they could have if the author had prepared a thesis of his own on the political philosophies since 1905.

S. V. P.

Income Tax Handbooks

INCOME-TAX, AND SUPER-TAX READY RECKONER, 1942-42 by V. G. Mehta, Public Accountant Auditor and Income-tax Consultant.

This booklet gives complete ready computation of Income-tax and Super-tax including Sur-charge in both the cases newly introduced by the Indian Finance Act 1942. The rates being calculated on slab system, the said book is very handy, and I, therefore, recommend the same to the business circle, Accountants, Income-tax Experts and Lawyers to keep this book for them for computing the liability of Income-tax, Super-tax, and Sur-charge.

COMPLETE INCOME-TAX READY RECKONER 1942 by E. C. Doodh-Mal, R.A., F.I.S.A.

This is a booklet which gives in clear terms the ready computation of Income-tax, Super-tax and Sur-charge as introduced by the Indian Finance Act 1942. This book also gives the grossing up of Dividend Income which

Mr. Manu Subedar's Book

The book which was reviewed in an issue of 7th June last is "Gita Explained by Dnyaneshwar Maharaj." Translated into English by Manu Subedar, Kodak House, Hornby Road, Fort, Bombay, with an Introduction. Second edition. Pp. 336. Price Rs. 4-8-0.

NEW LIFE VOL. 2 No. 1 (Illustrated). Price As. 4. Annual Subscription Rs. 3. Lucknow.

This number contains a thoughtful article on "The Spirit of the Soul" by Madame Sophia Wadia and an informing contribution on Ayurveda. The rest is mostly the disjointed incoherent noisy talk of Indian youth, with not a vestige of constructive work done or attempted to be done,—mere preaching without practice.

will be more useful to the applicants for claiming refund of Income-tax.

I recommend this book to the Business Circle, Accountants, Income-tax Experts and Lawyers.

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VIDYA

My dear Sisters & Brothers,

The Monsoon has come after all! How eagerly everyone looked for it. The heat before the rains fell was really intolerable for many. And when the clouds and lightning brought a message of coolness, every one heaved a sigh of relief.

The farmer, too, in the fields, was anxiously awaiting the rain to drop. Now he will be able to plough the ground and sow the seeds. And later on he will reap the corn which will give him livelihood and us the life—Life, indeed, for could we ever live without corn?

Thus, as after heat comes coolness so after struggle comes calmness, after war comes peace and after every sorrow comes happiness. We are not to despair, nor to feel impatient; We can trust in God and have full faith in His way of doing things.

We can utilize the Monsoon days in the Balkan-Ji-Bari as they may best suit us. When there is no rain we can have outdoor games and when there is rain we can play indoor games; sometimes when there is little rain we will enjoy the rain-drops!

* * *

A Wonderful Tale

One of the classic stories of the world tells how the children saved



a city. We must now add to it a classic story of how the children saved a country's gold. It comes from Norway, and it tells how the sum of £2,250,000 in gold was saved from falling into the hands of the German desperadoes.

When the Nazis began invading Norway, a small Norwegian steamer called the "Bomma" was moved into a remote fiord, where it was camouflaged, covered with branches of trees, so that Hitler's aeroplanes could not see it. Many children merrily pulled the sledges a common enough sight in Norway, except perhaps that the children must have seemed unusually bright and eager.

Day after day they pulled at their sledges: now and then a woman would be pulling a big sledge with a group of children sitting on the box, and a Nazi guard would watch them pass. There was a little box on each sledge, and every box had been to a hiding-place in the hills, 35 miles from the fiord, where it was filled with gold. Then it was put on the sledge, and the children

would pull and ride day after day, week after week, until they reached the steamer.

At last, after six weeks, the boxes safe on board, the steamer went on its way unsuspected and unmolested, and to-day the gold is safe in Baltimore, saved by the children, and ready for the people of Norway when they are free from the Nazi slavery.

* * *

The Talkative Tortoise

Bro. Vasanta has sent the following story:—

In a certain pond in the Himalayas there lived a tortoise. Two swans who used to come there to drink water made friendship with him.

One day the younger swan said to the tortoise: "Friend, our place at the cave in the Himalayas is a delightful spot. Will you come with us there?"

"But how can I get there?" asked the tortoise.

"We can take you if only you



Building a Sand-Castle—Photo by M. Desai.



NINU

can hold your tongue for a while," replied the swans.

"Oh, that I can do! Take me with you immediately," said the tortoise.

"That's right!" said the swans, and making the tortoise hold a stick in his mouth tightly, they themselves took its two ends in their teeth, and flew up in the air.

While the swans were carrying him thus, some villagers who were tilling the land on the earth below, remarked: "Look, two swans are carrying a tortoise on a stick."

The tortoise could not bear this. He wished to say: "Fools, if my friends are willing to carry me like this, what does that matter to you?" And just when he was about to reach the spot, he let go the bite of the stick to speak, and in a moment came down split into two.

Verily the tortoise killed himself whilst uttering his voice, Though he was holding tight the stick,

By a word himself he slew. Learn from this a lesson then, And speak not out of season, You see, how by his talking much

The tortoise fell into a wretched plight!

All Good Wishes from

Your loving DADA

"HOME FROM HOME"

(Continued from Page 6)

curiosity than kindness when she offered to help me with the letters. I am afraid, I gave her no clue as to who I was. "You must be some big business woman", she first ventured. I said no. A "Film star", she next tried—I shook my head. "A diplomat", I said. "Good gracious, no." "An artist?", she made a last shot into this growing abyssmal puzzle—"Almost right," I said with a reminiscent sigh "but abandoned it 10 years ago." We had come by now nearly to the end of the 5 day's trip to Hawaii. "Who the devil are you then? She burst out in exasperation. "Merely a woman?" she shot sparks at me. "A mere woman does not get loaded with farewell messages."

I have a knack of making friends! I assured her as an explanation. I have a boy in New York. I came out to put him to school and get him settled, like a good mother—a purely domestic mission. How far that worked I shall never know. Truth so rarely is convincing. She may have seen the reporters and cameramen and spat at me in good Spanish style "Dirty Har!" Amazing how often appearances are misleading. People always winked a meaning "I know" at me when I said my visit to America was purely domestic. Everybody wanted to read some mystery into it.

My acquaintance with Fred Blair, my Steward, grew as we found many points of common

interest. I learnt so much about the Maritime Union from him. He was an ardent unionist. He brought me all the available union literature, and we often read it together and discussed. Phyllis to whom unionism was a vague terror, asked Fred if he was a Communist. It is the worst abuse you can hurl at an American and he deeply resented it. "She is quite crazy," he confided to me later, "and you encourage her to talk" he gently reprimanded me. "Me! I was growing half crazy with her prattle! I wondered if any remedy short of wringing her delicate warbling throat, would work."

As the "President Taft" docked at Honolulu, I felt almost sad at the thought of leaving the boat. I had come to acquire a sense of comfort and cosiness under the protective wing of old Blair. I was apprehensive what the next boat I picked up would be like. Yet Blair had whetted my excitement for Hawaii. He had spent several years in those islands, had been greatly attracted by the Hawaiians. He could interpret for me so sympathetically their ways, habits and customs, describe vividly their festivities, dishes, costumes, drama, music. Day by day Hawaii became a vivid picture for me that Blair's colourful vocal brush painted. "They are a lovely people ma'am" His voice took on an excited note, while his deep blue eyes flashed. "Our hand of civilisation just about blighted their flowering souls—it was our d-d missionaries that did the dirty job. They call it 'saving the souls'. Their own must be pretty grimy feeding on fat dividends drained

out from sugar and pineapple. I could tell you a thing or two about these suckers."

Blair had a large family, he told me, but they were all grown up boys and girls and did not seem to need him any more. "I am kind of a lovesome man" he confided "When the chicks grow wings, they fly off." I wondered why one side of me never grew up, never grew wings—it always ached for a warm-lined nest, a father I could lean on and nestle up to, whose loving arms could shut out the harsh world for a while. Nobody, nothing could ever fill that want in my life.

Return Of Blair

I wanted to say goodbye to Blair, but he was nowhere to be seen. I ran up and down the passage shouting for him but he was gone. I went up to the deck. There at the top of the gangway he stood, my typewriter in his hand. "I thought I better bring this along myself, didn't want it to get knocked around with the bags." Always thoughtful, considerate to the last. As I stepped off he held out his hand. "Goodbye, lady, God bless you." I tried to slip something into his palm, but he whisked back his hand. "I could not possibly..." before I could say anything he was gone leaving me in a sweat of embarrassment.

Months later at Yokohama, the telephone bell rang one morning "Call from the "President Taft" the operator said. It was Fred Blair. The ship had docked in Yokohama harbour for a few hours

he wished to know if he could reach me, he wanted to return something I had left behind on the boat. My host suggested I should ask him over and get him to stay for lunch. An hour later Blair walked in, looking very like an old University Professor, a bulky package under his arm and a large bundle of newspapers. He put the latter into my outstretched hands. "I knew you would be glad to have these—English newspapers are not too plentiful in the land of Nippon, am I right?" The other bundle to my utter dismay turned out to be a collection of welcome addresses presented to me, encased in large heavy frames. I had shoved them right under my bed, hoping they would not be discovered until the boat was miles out at sea and then some merciful hand would find them a watery grave. But here, they were—almost like resurrected beings.

Blair was full of news. He had been in Australia, in New Zealand, in Hongkong, Manila, Shanghai. For a while the depression that had settled on me in the land of the Rising Sun lifted. He told me how dithery the Australasians were over the prospect of a Pacific conflict—how utterly unprepared—how more and more Chinese refugees flying from the Chungking regime were settling in Hongkong—how the Nanking Government had failed to bring its new currency into circulation—how Roosevelt was going to declare a state of emergency in America. American ships would stop calling at Japanese Ports. "You better get away as quickly as you can, clouds are gathering very fast, and look after yourself", he whispered.

The day after I left Japan, all foreigners were prohibited from entering or leaving Japan.

REVOLT-FOR WHAT?

Questions Which Indian Women Must Answer

By CYRIL MODAK

Revolt is the upthrust of repressed life.

A consciously directed revolt against any kind of slavery merits encouragement and support. Those who cannot rebel against injustice are virtually dead. They can never win our admiration.

Every educated man in India, therefore, who has any pretensions to normality must welcome the revolt of Indian women. While those who have the misfortune of seeing woman always with a poetic halo must rejoice ten times as much to witness Indian womanhood growing more articulate and more articulately aggressive.

Dr. Samuel Johnson is reported to have said, "Nature has given women so much power that the law has very wisely given them little." The celebrated lexicographer could hardly have ventured a more puerile defence of man-made laws. It is to the everlasting discredit of men that they have been so mortally terrified of woman's natural power as to have kept her legally enslaved. Such a state of affairs can never prove conducive to social sanitation or racial health or national well-being. Deny a woman her just rights and she will win by guile what she cannot rightfully claim. She will always win!

Why Not?

In the West women determined to bring men to heel by proving the superiority of the fair. Men were to be considered ciphers in dinner jackets or standing jokes, to be taken account of only when they proved impudent enough to obstruct the modern Atlanta's race. Why should woman serve the ungrateful male? Who has given him the divine right to demand service? If a man can smoke, why should a woman not become a chimney too? If men can be degenerate who is to prevent women from becoming depraved? Why should she not crop her hair short and look like a page-boy in some romantic pageant of the Elizabethan age?

The western woman decided that she would out-man man at every turn and force him to capitulate. The excitement lasted for one generation. The stupid opposition of male and female prudes whetted the excitement. She would be masterless. And Bernard Shaw smiled roguishly and said, "Whilst women who loathe sex-slavery more fiercely than Mary Wollstenecraft Shelley are unable to face the insecurity and discredit of the vagabondage which is the masterless woman's only alternative to celibacy."

Tragic Irony

Then came the post-war generation of men. Disillusionment

had killed all reverence. Cynically men leaned back and computed the attractions and values of emancipated women. It reduced her to the algebraic symbol SA. She had fiercely snatched at her freedom and it seemed to turn into a handful of ashes or talcum powder in her hands. Emancipation began to be anything but a paradise. It seemed to call up a hundred evils from unknown graves. Nothing daunted, however, women fell to work and scientists fell to work, and newspaper advertisers fell to work, and beauty specialists fell to work to discover ways of enhancing the value of the algebraic symbol SA.

Fastidious women were willing to sit through the three-hour tortures of the Beauty Parlour and the Permanent Wave department, to starve in order to be slim, painfully to pluck their eyebrows, and to insult their faces by plastering them with all kinds and shades of pastes and powders. They wasted a great deal of perseverance in renovating the rouge and lipstick every fifteen minutes. They showed a lot of backbone in the choice of their evening gowns! And, pray, what was all this gigantic output of energy and time and money meant to achieve? The expansion of territorial frontiers? Or Home Defence? Alas! it was for nothing more important than to captivate that good-for-nothing creature, Man! What tragic irony! What did the glorious emancipation amount to? A more expensive, a more irksome, and a more nerve-racking slavery.

Elemental Fact

In Paris I met a charming Frenchwoman, a student at the Sorbonne. She was studying Kalidas and the Indian Drama, which was our point of contact. I asked her to do me honour of showing me her beloved city and added, "But, please, take that mask off your face so I can see you." She looked dubiously at me. "Do you really mean it?" she asked. I lost the sudden fears that had assailed me. "Yes, of course," I answered unabashed. She struggled with unbidden tears as she said, "You're the first man who has wanted to see my face to know me as I am. Oh! it'll be so nice to be myself all day!" It was a pathetic confession of the failure of that kind of sophisticated emancipation.

For good or for evil, it is an elemental fact that a man wants the woman of his love and desire to have the power to hold him; and a woman is miserable unless she can feel not so much that she is attractive to a dozen men but that one of them considers her indispensable. Women no less than men, in India as much as in the West, use rhetorical evasions to tell themselves it is otherwise.

But Nature is hard to evade. Certainly, it is barbarous to maintain that Nature intended woman to be man's slave. It would be equally preposterous to hold that Nature wanted man to be the Machine's slave. The equality of the sexes is a truism except that many ambitious women do not grasp the full meaning of the truism until they have wasted thirty odd years and have only a harvest of regrets to reap.

Essence Of Equality

Broadly speaking, there are two ways in which women have endeavoured to exert their power over the men of their choice. It is either by unstinted devotion or by unstinted glamour. Devotion is self-giving. Glamour is self-concealment behind wrappings that are more expensive than the contents. Through the gracious art of service a woman can make herself more lastingly indispens-

able than through the meretricious craft of make-up. Nor does service.

"Those little, nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love,"
imply servitude. Illiterate men and men who qualify to be classed among brutes rather than human beings may treat a 'ministering angel' as a servant. It is a hideous mistake.

The mutual desire to serve is the essence of equality. Equality of rights is necessary. But without equality of obligations legal equality can yield no satisfaction. Equal demands without equal duties must prove sterile. The sooner sophisticated women and old-fashioned men recognise this fact the better will it be for the distracted authorities of Women's Colleges!

Real Comradeship

It is only when there is a mutual desire to be useful, both on the part of men and women, that we shall behold the happy spectacle of comradeship between men and women, husband and wives. Club-companionships are interesting. They are superficial. The partnership at a game of tennis is interesting enough, but it is hardly the sort of thing one expects from one's life-partner. Indeed, a man should not leave his wife to vegetate at home while he enjoys himself at his Club or at a social function or the Cinema. But every intelligent woman should be able to see that the enduring joy of comradeship with her husband is the joy of collaborating with him to make life happy, meaningful and complete. When glittering and hectic social life becomes the centre and circumstance of existence, the woman misses the deeper satisfaction and the man the enriching experience of real comradeship.

The woman's revolt in India, exhilarating as it is in some ways, has at times a very depressing effect. A battalion of questions drop from the air like parachute troops. Will Indian women in a

A PAGE FOR WOMEN

baccaratting day of imitation import the blunders of the West? Will we have to endure the ungainly sight of mannish women? Are we on the eve of losing forever the charm and the romance of natural womanly beauty?

Cart Before Horse

Will Indian women forget that a woman can become the Laxmi of the home, its presiding deity, not by excelling man at things masculine, but by being his complement in what, with all his conceit, he can do only clumsily at best? Will they delude themselves into believing that a woman becomes more attractive by assuming the angular postures of the bicycle or by smoking her fingers and lips yellow or by playing football? Has the Indian heritage nothing of beauty, significance or worth which deserves to be rescued from the dull conservatism of an unjust past and used to adorn a brighter and more progressive future? Or will they throw away the baby with the bath-water?

Two Indian girls were walking along the street with their mother. They saw a mazdoor going with his wife. He walked ten paces ahead. She carried a bundle on her head. The younger girl burst forth, "If I were in that woman's place, I'd walk in front of the man and give him the bundle." The older girl replied, "No, I'd walk by his side and share the bundle with him." Which of them is the voice of modern Indian womanhood? Is there any triumph in putting the cart before the horse?

LOVELY CROCHETED BABY GARMENT



If you're acquainted with any baby under one year of age, you know someone who would welcome this charming hooded cape. It's crocheted in such a simple pattern, that you'll have no trouble in making it. Baby's mother is sure to find the cape is a most convenient kind of wrap, especially since a cozy bonnet is attached.
(Copyright).



Miss Venu D. Marathe, who took first class in Philosophy in the last M.A. examination of the Bombay University and won the Chancellor's Medal and Miss Sokaribai S. Mankar Scholarship.

SOVIET CENTRAL ASIA

(Continued from page 5)

The various national Republics have been brought nearer to one another and to the centre of the U. S. S. R. by the building of rail ways. Some 3,612 kilometres of permanent way has been laid across Kazakhstan alone during the last twenty years. In addition there are air lines in these areas where in Czarist times the only means of communication had been the camel or the mule.

A higher industrial and agricultural technique requires a higher cultural level of the people. Accordingly we find that in education the national minorities in the U. S. S. R. have made, if anything, even more remarkable progress than in their economic development. In Turkmenistan, the increase of pupils has been 23 times in twenty years and in secondary schools alone from 2,000 to 74,000 or 37 times; in Uzbekistan the increase in the number of pupils in both elementary and secondary schools has been from 16,000 to 791,000 or 49 times, and in secondary schools alone from 6,000 to 319,000 or 53 times; in Kazakhstan and Kirghiz on the same scales progress is being made. In Tadzhikistan the increase of pupils has been from 400 to 199,000 or 497.5 times. There were no secondary schools in Tadzhikistan prior to the Revolution, now there are 22,000 pupils in Tadzhik secondary schools.

Spread Of Literacy

There were, of course, very few literates among the national minorities of the Czarist Empire; or in many areas the only literates were the clergy and the Russian officials and their children who made up the bulk of those attending such schools as there were in these backward areas. Now taking the U. S. S. R. as a whole well over 90 per cent of the population is literate

and amongst the national minorities the proportion of literates is about 80 per cent.

Kirghiz Republic now boasts three higher educational institutions (universities and technical colleges). Turkmenistan and Tadzhikistan have four each. Kazakhstan 12, Uzbekistan 26. The result of all these new educational facilities is that throughout the U. S. S. R. including the former most backward nationalities there are hundreds and thousands of native Soviet experts in all branches of the national economy.

Side by side with the stamping out of illiteracy, many nationalities have been helped to evolve a written language for the first time; in other cases alphabets which were extremely difficult and complicated have been modernised and thus made accessible to the masses. As a result there has been an enormous expansion in the Press and book publications. In 1936 2,965 newspapers in 69 different tongues of the minorities with a circulation of 10,455,000. Book publication shows a similar picture.

Cultural Progress

The same is true for other cultural institutions—the theatre, cinema, libraries, clubs etc. Turkmenistan, Tadzhikistan and Kirghizia had no theatres at all in 1914, now Turkmenistan has 8 in its own language; Tadzhikistan 6; Kirghizia 5; Kazakhstan had 2 theatres in 1914, now it has 26; Uzbekistan had one, now it has 37. Georgia had 3 now 40. In addition to these professional theatres there are numerous amateur groups which are assisted by authorities in many ways. Literature, the arts and the theatre reach the remotest villages. But not only their own national art, the classics appear in languages which hardly anyone could read



Tartar Delegates to the All-Union Congress.

or write a few years ago.

We find an extremely rapid development in the spheres of economics, culture social life, sport etc; the mode of living, of the one time oppressed nationalities changed beyond all recognition. Nothing could illustrate better the life in Soviet Central Asia, than the new and old folk-songs which are widely sung in the country. As a specimen I quote the following:

*I glory in the great hour
When the triumphant storm
Crushed down upon the foe.
It smashed our yokes,
And freed the slaves to swarm
As clouds upon their nest,
And raised the flag of battle...
I glory in that day supreme—
The beginning of October...
O land of mine...
I stand your daylong watch.
(Kirghiz poet.)*

*There was Khalima.
When she'd see a storm
And lightning in the blue and
purple heaven,
She'd run for shelter.*

*She'd cry, shut her eyes,
And tremble like a leaf on an
autumn birch.
To-day Khalima is not the same.
Knowledge has been given to her,
Nature has become her obedient
slave.
I see her busying herself with the
antennae—
She has rigged up a radio with
her own nimble hands.
And there was Tursun...
Ever since the tractor
Came clatteringly
To take the place of the old
wooden hoe,
Tursun's brain began to ring with
different,
New, unheard of strains.
In his consciousness,
Where formerly
Donkeys and camels
Wandered half sleepily
Along the customary bridle
paths,
To-day in a whirlwind of effi-
ciency
Dash to and fro autos and trac-
tors and locomotives and air-
planes.*

Tadjik poet.

REPORTER HITS BACK AT RUMOUR

(Continued From Page 4)

"But the President told me he is dead" complained the reporter.

"What shall we do; we have even published the news of his funeral."

"No, No" shrieked the voice at the other end. "He is not dead. He is alive. He is here. You can speak to him on the phone. You can see him for yourself. By Heavens, I tell you, he is not dead. These wretched rumours reached him and he has rushed down here."

The reporter slid down his chair limp and groaned.

Get Home By Six

But the most amusing illustration of the run of a rumour and the reaction of a gullible public I have come across occurred on Wednesday, March 4, when Bombay was 'blitzed' by a rumour and witnessed a "Get Home by six o'clock" comedy. Word went round that day that there was to be a long (oh, very long) surprise A.R.P. test in the course of the day. People got the first scent of it, when milkmen in many parts of the city materialised earlier than usual, to deliver the daily supply of milk.

"What is the matter" the housewife asked.

"There will be an Air Raid Exercise," the Bhayya whispered. How did he know? Well, a

friendly policeman in Parel had passed on the tip.

And so was the rumour born. And then it spread and spread. The schoolmasters heard of it quite early and so that their young charges might not be caught up on their way home, they closed the schools and let off the children. The panwalla and the green grocer, the cloth dealer and the book seller, were thoroughly convinced of it by the mere process of telling one another. And so they hurriedly put down their shutters, sent frantic telephone calls, wound up their shows for the day and went packing home to the surprise of their families.

Nor did the offices and canks escape the onslaught. The bank clerks heard of it, held whispered consultations and decided to approach their bosses with a request to be let off early. But the bosses had heard of it, too. So they sent for their head clerks, and here were more consultations. By 5-30 p.m. most of the office-going population was let loose in Churchgate Street and Hornby Road and Churchgate Station and Victoria Terminus.

"The Brother Of My Nephew's Friend"

Even normally during the two hours between six and eight in

evening northbound trains carry an unusually heavy traffic. But on that day a whole mass of humanity had to be packed into the few trains that left during the half hour before six p.m., because it was confidently asserted that the exercise would begin by that time. To escape that long wait people braved many dangers and hung on to tram cars and buses like ripe oranges about to drop off with the first gust of wind.

Having made due enquiries, I caught one of them rushing like a temple bull and told him that the controller of A. R. P. himself had said there was no such thing happening.

"As if he would tell you, if there was", said my friend and sprinted away at a pace of which I could not believe one of his girth could be capable.

The infection caught the European bosses too, and they dashed along to the nearest cars and taxis and sped at break-neck speed. A dog caught in this unprecedented tornado was run over by a car on Queen's Road and shrieked in travail. But dead and dying dogs were nothing before the urgent, the imperative necessity of getting home before six. Otherwise there was the danger of being held up for three hours, because by now, it was definitely ascertained that the exercise would last for three hours!

And as the hours passed on and the wailing siren remaining unheard, each began to ask the other:—

"But who told you this story?"

"You see, my nephew's friend has a brother in the B. E. S. T. It seems they were warned to stop the traffic. And you?"

"Well, my milkman's friend has a brother in the A. R. P. They were asked to get ready. It seems."

And yet Dame Rumour is be-

lieved. She is more ravishing than a love lyric; she is more powerful than a score of newspapers.

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Cupid v. The Colonel

(Continued from page 2)

hood revealing a pale oval face, with large brilliant eyes fringed with long curling lashes. Her features were exquisitely beautiful and in perfect repose, showing no a glimpse of fear.

Gluck passed the back of his large hand across his mouth in a gesture which implied appreciation and glowing interest. He stretched out his hand pulled the girl towards him.

"Ja! you are good looking. We will be friends! Heil!"

Von Kramm stared fascinated. The scene before his eyes dissolved, and instead he saw a chalet drenched in moonlight, with the white peaks gleaming silver-white against a blue-black sky; while hand in hand he crept along the white track with the woman he had loved—had loved: still loved—would always love.

"Iona!" he called huskily. Her eyes grew lustrous as she recognized him and whispered "Fredrik!"

"Ah! so you know each other? Fredrik you were very selfish in not introducing me before," Gluck interposed harshly.

Von Kramm's hand strayed towards his pistol; a red mist clouded his brain which he fought to dispel. He must think clearly. It would be worse than useless to shoot Gluck. His life would be forfeited and Iona deprived of protection. He thought furiously, but every plan seemed so futile.

The atmosphere had grown tense; and unconsciously every eye watched him as by some unaccountable instinct the occupants of the room felt that the scene was pregnant with conflicting emotions and tragedy.

His hand still unconsciously gripped the butt of his Lueger and despite the intense cold beads of perspiration had gathered on his brow. Suddenly he relaxed and said stiffly.

"Herr Colonel, with your permission I'll phone G. H. Q."

"Phone the devil," Gluck grunted with undisguised relief and turned to his victim with a laugh.

The tension was relaxed and each officer, with the exception of Bruenn, dragged a girl towards him.

Von Kramm spoke softly and insistently into the instrument. Minutes passed; the officers drank beer offering their dazed terror-stricken prey; while one young fellow shouted for the rest of the girls to be brought.

Von Kramm's stern voice came on their pleasantries.

"Herr Colonel, I have been instructed to arrest that lady"—he pointed to Iona—"and take her to headquarters immediately. She is a dangerous spy whom I recognized, and must be questioned at once."

The girl paled, grew rigid and a half-suppressed sigh escaped her. Gluck sprang to his feet with an oath. "Gott un Himmel! you dare order me. Tell the interfering—"

"Will you speak to General Von Kleister?"

Gluck rushed to the instrument, grabbed it, started talking volubly but in a short while subsided. He banged the receiver down and shouted out a filthy curse.

"Take the bitch and get out quick. I'll get even with you one day."

It had again commenced to snow, and it made driving difficult on that deeply cut up road to headquarters. Von Kramm did not speak but kept his eyes fixed on the road though he felt a strange contentment at her sitting beside him.

He had driven some five kilometres when he stopped the car with a jerk and opened the door.

"Iona you may go. Auf weidersehen."

She startled. "What do you mean?"

"I did it to save your honour—there was no other way. But go—there is little time, any moment a convoy may pass."

"Then you did not know I was a spy?"

He looked puzzled. "You a spy?—impossible." He started at her earnestly waiting for a denial.

"And what will you report to G. H. Q.?"

"I have not thought of that. I suppose I will tell them that you escaped."

"And you would have to face a firing squad." She nestled close to him, her face near to his, the lovelight in her eyes.

"Fredrik," she whispered, "one day long ago you desired to make me your wife. Do you still wish it—if you do come with me. We will cross the Russian lines and from there to a new world I will be your guarantee; no one will harm you."

He smiled bitterly. "They would not, unless they knew I was X21 besides being an officer in the Wehrmacht."

She shivered. "Dearest we will risk it."

He passed a hand across his forehead in puzzlement. "But you said something about being a spy? Why?"

"I thought you knew when you searched for me so diligently long ago: when you telephoned your headquarters to-day. I am M13."

"Mein Gott!" he cried out in an agony of despair. "Mein Gott!"

"Do you despise me? I worked for my country as you did for yours."

Von Kramm's hand clenched; his brain reeled under its mental torture. He had loved, did love a spy, and he was a traitor to the Fatherland. He reviewed his life, his enthusiastic adolescence as a member of the strength through joy league; his activities as a brown shirt; his devotion to the Fuehrer who could do no wrong. His clear duty was to surrender this woman whose life was forfeited but love by some potent spell had warped his sense of responsibility and duty. He sighed.

"Go quickly," he urged.

"Come with me," she entreated. "We will forget the past and start our lives."

He shook his head.

"You would not have me take the easy way. It would mean betrayal—deserting my country—dishonour. Death I can face but not that."

The wind had increased; the snow fell thickly; it was almost a blizzard. The muffled roar of guns reached them faintly.

He had been trained to that distorted sense of duty where religion, love, relationship has no part in the ruthless drive for Nazi dominance, and this new disturbing element tormented his soul. She was a spy, an enemy of the Fatherland and as such deserved death or worse, yet he hesitated and was unwilling to do what was his duty; was thrilled even, despite his acute mental anguish, at the pressure of her soft body against his.

"No," she replied. "I would prefer you being a man. Drive on—do your duty." There was no trace of fear or sarcasm in her voice rather it was brave with sincerity and sympathy.

"Darling," he murmured softly. "Darling," we cannot part and we cannot be traitors to our country."

His body grew suddenly taut; his eyes took on a queer unearthly glow while the pulses hammered at his temples.

"Are you afraid to die?" "Not with you at my side," she replied softly.

"Kiss me" he cried wildly—and crushed her to him sucking the sweetness from her lips, allaying his tortured soul on the altars of ecstatic bliss.

He drew his Lueger from its case—there was a roar and she sagged in his arms. Her features contorted for a moment in agony, then relaxed into a smile as he kissed her passionately again. He laid her gently, reverently on the seat, then not being able to stand he sat up straight, rigidly; raised his arm in the Nazi salute and repeated.

"Von Volk, Von Reich, Von Fuehrer—Heil Hitler!"

There was a sharp explosion and Hauptmann Von Kramm slowly sank beside the body of the woman he loved—he had solved his problem. The snow continued to fall, obliterating the dreary landscape.—A. B. PATRIKA.

Autobiography Of King Cotton

(Continued from Page 3)

Imperialism and automatically usher in Swaraj." These are tenets of his philosophy of Charkha. To him, the Charkha is "Sudhar-sana", "Kamadhenu", the wheel of life and the flaming forge of freedom. Starting from sacrificial spinning, it led to the compulsory wearing of Khaddar by Congressmen. He introduced the plan of yarn franchise for purposes of Congress elections. The Charkha era carried all off their feet in its spin. Non-stop spinning, Charkha Sanghs, Takli work, became the order of the day. Khadi garlands replaced floral wreaths. Bombay City greeted Rajen Babu during his state drive as the Congress President by erecting huge cotton arches in his honour. Khadi "hundis" are in vogue during Gandhi Jayanti, and Khadi Currency is the talk of Sevagram economists.

Gandhiji has earned the name of "Naked Fakir" from no less a person than Churchill, because of me. Though the present British Premier used it in withering contempt, it is the picturesque description of the "man of sorrows", whose life is a sermon on non-possessiveness and self-sacrifice, and who makes it his "dharma" to eat less and clothe less so that

another of world's creation may enjoy just amenities of life. Gandhiji took the vow of loin cloth when the poor complained that there was not enough Khadi. Sambamurthi jatterly followed his footsteps, installed loin cloth in the chair of the Madras Assembly, and now goes with it in Rajaji's campaign. Shankarrao Deo is one of the loin-cloth fraternity, though he finds it a bit difficult to play football with it. Gandhiji himself gate-crashed Buckingham Palace in loin cloth, which was considered to be a sartorial wonder in the Western world. Even non-Congressmen could not resist the appeal of Khadi. The late Mr. E. Raghavendra Rao appeared all-white in Khadi when he was the acting Governor of the Central Provinces and Berar. Mr. Jamnadas Mehta attempted to give a national touch to the Interim Ministry by donning all-white.

In Diplomatic Wardrobe

Even Britishers who were proud of their Bond Street "finish", could not resist the lure of Khadi. Lloyd George took home with him some Khadi varieties, when he visited Bombay. The late Lord Lothian and Lord Samuel paid a visit to Khadi producing centres. During one of Gandhiji's visits to the Viceroy's House Lady Willingdon was so much fascinated by Khadi that she requested Kasturba to send her some Khadi pieces, preferably in "mauve."

When Rajaji took charge of the Madras Ministry, he presented a pair of Khadi suits to Mr. C. F. Brackenbury, then Chief Secretary of the Madras Government, who since then appeared in Khadi to keep his new masters in good humour. Even Sir Stafford Cripps included Khadi in his diplomatic wardrobe during his India mission. It is, perhaps, for the

first time in history that Khadi has assumed a "diplomatic status". But behind the spacious days of Khadi era lie three decades of struggle and sacrifice in which unknown warriors like Babu Genu died, that Khadi might live.

Kabir And Gandhiji

When Chiang Kai-Shek and Madame visited Gandhiji and asked for India's help in China's freedom struggle, the Mahatma spun for an hour chatting with them and presented the yarn as his quota for Chinese war effort. The present might have appeared a huge joke, but, nevertheless it is symbolic of the Mahatma's living faith, since he deliberately described himself as a "farmer and weaver" before a trying magistrate and got convicted. In this undying faith in Khadi, Mahatmaj lives up to the high ideal of Kabir. When Kabir was engaged in philosophical dispute with the Brahmin scholar, Sarvajit, the latter asked

"O Kabir! What is your caste?" Kabir replied, "I am a weaver."

The proud Pandit sneered at Kabir in a contemptuous manner and asked what a weaver was. Kabir replied again:—

"No one knoweth the secret of the weaver.

God hath woven the warp of the whole world,

If thou listen to the Vedas and the Puranas,

Thou shalt hear, 'I have stretched the warp so long;

I have made the Earth and firmament my workshop,

I have set the Sun and the Moon in alternate motion.

Working my legs I did one work— with such a weaver my heart is pleased."

Thus Gandhiji has enthroned me again as "King Cotton", a status I lost since the Industrial Revolution. I am not "mere raw or war material", but the wool and warp of the world. So spin for Swaraj and weave for victory.

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THE LAST PAGE

Conducted by
"CHRONICLERS"

SOME MORE TELEPHONE CONVERSATIONS

"Hello, Hello....Oh, hello, Helen darling....How sweet of you to ring me up....Wasn't that a ducky frock you were wearing last Saturday at the Green's? Where did you get it from?.....Badgers?....Oh, I must get one to-day....And you must promise me that you won't give out the address to anyone—Famela, Susie, Betsy, Fanny, anybody....Promise?....Then so long, my dear. We shouldn't use the telephone too long, you know. War economy and everything. Cheerio.

"Hello, my dear Oh, who's that? ... I want Mr. John Bullson. They gave me the wrong extension, I suppose Oh, is that Mr. Bullson? Is that you dear, this is me Me your wife can't you recognize my voice? Darling, it must be so hot in that stuffy old office of yours ... I am sending you something specially cool for your tiffin to-day Cold chicken, cucumber salad and ICE CREAM real mango ice cream Won't you like it I know you would. That's why I made it specially for you with my own hands. By the way, do you mind sending a cheque for a hundred rupees with the 'chakra' when he returns with your tiffin things.? You know we have to go to a party at the Smiths next week and I haven't a rag to cover my body. Oh, that green dress? But I have worn it once already ... You don't expect me to wear old clothes at parties? If you don't even love me enough to buy me a frock ooh ... ooh So you will, darling? Thanks, you are so sweet. Alright, cheerio, darling. We must not use the 'phone for too long. We must do our bit for the good old war.

"Hello, is that Badgers, Ladies Milliners.....I want to speak to the head boss.... tum English nain samajhna mangta hai ... hum Bullson Sahib ka memsahib bolna sakta hai. Tum kisse Sahib ko bulao, native clerk nain mangta sakta hai....Oh, is that Mr. Badger himself? How do you do, Mr. Badger? I am Mrs. Bullson speaking I want you to reserve a frock for me. I will come and take it away in the afternoon..... It is a pale blue frock like the one you sold to Helen Frankman last week. I must have it....Oh, you must have got one, have you? I am so happy. There is one thing more, Mr. Badger, if it is not asking too much, will you promise not to sell a similar design to anyone else? I want to be the only one to wear it at a party Thanks, Mr. Badger, and I suggest you take off the 'frock from your shop-window. Cheerio."

"Hello, is that Arctic Ice Cream Company? ... Will you please send me half a pound of mango ice cream I am Mrs. Bullson speaking—Number Umpteenth, Unpleasant Hill Road—And please hurry up. I have to send it hurry up. I have to send it

(AFTER A WEEK)

"Hello, is that you Helen?... You cat, you completely spoilt my party yesterday....What did you do? I like your cheek asking me that....Why, you snake-in-the-grass, you fly-in-the-ointment, you went round and told all the other girls about that frock while you had sworn to me you would never breathe it to a soul. And I actually spent ninety rupees of my poor husband's hard-earned salary only to find all the other girls at the party wearing the identical frock... IDENTICAL FROCK.....I—D—E—Oh, never mind....but you ARE a cat, Helen. If it was not for telephone economy I would have given you a bigger piece of my mind."

★

Fishing For News

In town last week was Louis Fisher, the American journalist and author. Coming after an interview with the Mahatma, he

met a galaxy of Indian leaders in Bombay including Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, Mr. M. A. Jinnah and Dr. Ambedkar.

He went to a village and asked questions through an interpreter and found that the Indian peasant knows nothing about the war—and cares even less! We need a pinch of salt, however, to swallow his story that a Harijan told him he knew nothing about Mahatma Gandhi—all he knew was the problem of his hunger. Nor do we believe that peasants living twenty miles from Bombay think the war is being fought between Japan and Russia, and that Britain is no longer in the war. Unless, of course, Mr. Fisher has been the victim of a rather cruel leg-pull by some practical joker!

It was refreshing to hear Mr.

terateur whose first novel, "Twilight In Delhi" (published by Hogarth Press, London), received such good press notices in England and America as well as in India, including a more than flattering review from no less a person than E. M. Forster.

Until recently a Professor of English at the Lucknow University, Ahmed Ali is now touring the country as the "B.B.C. Representative and Research Officer." His business it would be to carry on "listener research" for the B.B.C.—i.e. to find out listeners' reactions to the B.B.C. programmes and to communicate all complaints and suggestions to the B.B.C. headquarters in London.

The B.B.C. office in New Delhi, he assures us, will be always glad to hear from listeners with re-



WHO ARE THEY?—Can you recognise the distinguished father and son in this picture? If not, see column 4.

Fisher both at a private gathering of Socialists at the Silverfish Club and at the Journalists Association. He struck us as a man with real knowledge of the world and real human sympathies. He evinced a great deal of sympathy for the cause of Indian nationalism.

We were struck by what he said about American interest in Indian freedom. Not only the few idealists and humanitarians, he said, but also the hard-boiled American businessmen desire the freedom of India—because a free India (like Soviet Russia ten years ago) would be a potential buyer of a vast mass of machinery from U. S. A. for her rapid industrialization.

He was doubtful, however, whether Roosevelt can exert sufficient pressure on Churchill towards this end. Such things he said, are simply not done in the world of international diplomacy.

★

He Listens To Listeners

Also in town last week was Ahmed Ali, the brilliant young lit-

terateur whose first novel, "Twilight In Delhi" (published by Hogarth Press, London), received such good press notices in England and America as well as in India, including a more than flattering review from no less a person than E. M. Forster.

★

When Grigg Snubbed "Queen"

We remember Sir James Grigg as Finance Member with a long sharp nose that appeared so prominently in Shankar's cartoons. (By the way, Shankar told us that Sir James was the only bureaucrat who did not mind being caricatured but rather enjoyed it!)

To-day Sir James Grigg is Britain's War Minister and his choice seems to have been a popular one.

There is an amusing story about Grigg told by Lionel Fielden (ex-Controller of Broadcasting in India) in a British paper which will be read with interest by all those

in India who knew Grigg or the Willingdons.

"I met the Griggs in Simla in 1935," says Lionel Fielden. "I was 'commanded' to the Viceroy's house, and I was quaking inwardly. I'd been warned that the 'Queen', as Lady Willingdon was known, had an eagle eye for dress and deportment. I must not wear this; I must not do that. I must say 'Your Excellency' once in every sentence. I must bow. I must not wear a buttonhole, for that enraged her above everything else. I was told that Sir James and Lady Grigg were coming to dinner. More dreary Civil Servants, I thought. In came a couple, rather untidy dressed, radiating geniality and a certain malicious alertness. And the man was wearing a buttonhole! The Viceretne swept upon him. She tapped the lapel of his coat and said: 'Sir James! I don't like that!' He smelled the rose and then smiled at her. 'No', he said, 'but I do.' He didn't remove it; but he and Lady Willingdon are the best of friends."

★

Fielden, Journalist

Lionel Fielden himself, by the way, has suddenly become a very prominent figure in British journalism. The progressive and unconventional Broadcasting expert who made himself unpopular at the B.B.C. and was, therefore side-tracked to India, also could not fit into the New Delhi-Simla bureaucratic machinery and was soon sent back to the B.B.C. On his return to England he contributed a number of articles on India to important progressive papers like "New Statesman And Nation," exposing the sham of the bureaucracy in India and making a genuine effort to interpret the Indian nationalist viewpoint.

Now, we learn, Lionel Fielden has been appointed editor of "The Observer," old established and well-known English Conservative newspaper. Recently a leftward swing was noticeable in the policy of "The Observer" which reached a climax in the resignation of J. L. Garvin, veteran doyen of Liberal journalism, and the substitution of the younger and go-ahead Fielden.

★

Communalism Marches On!

A new swimming pool for Hindus only.

A new swimming pool for Muslims only.

A new swimming pool for Parsis only.

A new swimming pool for Christians only.

A new swimming pool for Sikhs only.

A new swimming pool for ... ad nauseum.

The old slavery FOR INDIANS ONLY.

★

Who Are They?

The father and son in the picture are the late Pandit Motilal Nehru and Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru. The photograph was taken during Jawaharlal's undergraduate days at Cambridge when Pandit Motilal happened to be on a visit to England. This is one of the many interesting and historic pictures that appear in Mr. Y. G. Krishnamurti's book, "JAWAHARLAL NEHRU: The Man And His Ideas."

★

Owing to a conspiracy of the Printer's Devils, in our last issue Mr. Rashid Ali Baig's name was again misspelt as 'Beg'. We beg your pardon, Mr. BAIG.



Antonio Paptheodorokoumountourgianakopoulos lives in Nogales, Arizona. The Post Office has been having trouble with his name, as you will appreciate. A patriotic American, Mr. P. has changed his name to Tony Chamas. They don't read his post-cards any more.

Eddie Cantor's favourite anecdote about Dot Parker deals with the time she was bored stiff at someone's country place for the week-end. She sent a pal this telegram: "Please rush loaf of bread and enclose a saw and file!"

A party of German soldiers, extraordinarily exhilarated, sped through the streets of Bergen, Norwegian seaport and headed straight for the water-front. Once there, they neither stopped nor turned. They kept right on going—and plunged to the bottom of the harbour.

The Gestapo went to work. The first witness they found to question about the accident was a sturdy Norwegian fishwife. "You saw the soldiers coming, didn't you? And you saw they were headed for the water?" "Yes," she admitted. "Then why didn't you stop them?" "Me, stop them?" she replied. "Why, I thought they were on their way to England."

It was 9 p.m. Grandma and her four-year-old grandson sat in the living-room before the open fireplace. The rest of the family had gone to a show. The kid began to grow fidgety. He kept looking out of the window. Grandma came over. "Junior," she said sweetly, "how about a bed-time story?" The kid nodded. "Okay, grandma," he murmured. "What would you like to hear?"

A wealthy society matron who thought it would be a feather in her cap to have Oliver Herford to dinner, once cornered the celebrated author at a banquet. "I know you're very busy, Mr. Herford," she gushed, "but couldn't you manage to come Monday evening?" "Monday?" repeated the humorist, who thought the woman an awful bore. "I'm sorry Madam, but I have an engagement for Monday." "Then how about Tuesday?" she asked sweetly. "Tuesday is impossible," said Herford politely. "I have an appointment with my publisher for Tuesday evening." "Then why not make it for Wednesday?" persisted the woman. "Wednesday is out of the question," said the writer firmly. "I have tickets for the theatre that evening." "I do not discourage easily," Mr. Herford, said the matron lightly. "You shan't escape me. Come Thursday, won't you?" "Oh, well," sighed Herford wearily, shrugging his shoulders, "let's make it Monday."

LAUGH AWAY YOUR BLUES

At an advance polling station during the British Columbia provincial elections, one woman voter approached the table where absentee ballots were being issued. The workers had just finished a noonday snack, and a teapot with cups and saucers stood at one end of the table. "Absentee?" the poll clerk asked the lady. "Thank you, no," she replied with a decided touch of reprimand in her voice. "I came here to vote."

Anne Kaufman, the young daughter of Beatrice and George S. Kaufman, complained to her mother: "I've just realized that you haven't given me the proper upbringing." When the puzzled Mrs. Kaufman asked for an explanation, Anne said: "Well, remember yesterday—when I was on the phone with a friend of mine, I became enraged at her—I hung up angrily, and exploded with a vile name. Instead of censuring me for using such language, do you know what you said?" "I don't remember," confessed Mrs. Kaufman. Anne reminded: "You said 'Who, dear?'"

The teacher sent one of her scholars to buy a pound of plums from a grocer, and as she handed the little girl a dime, said:

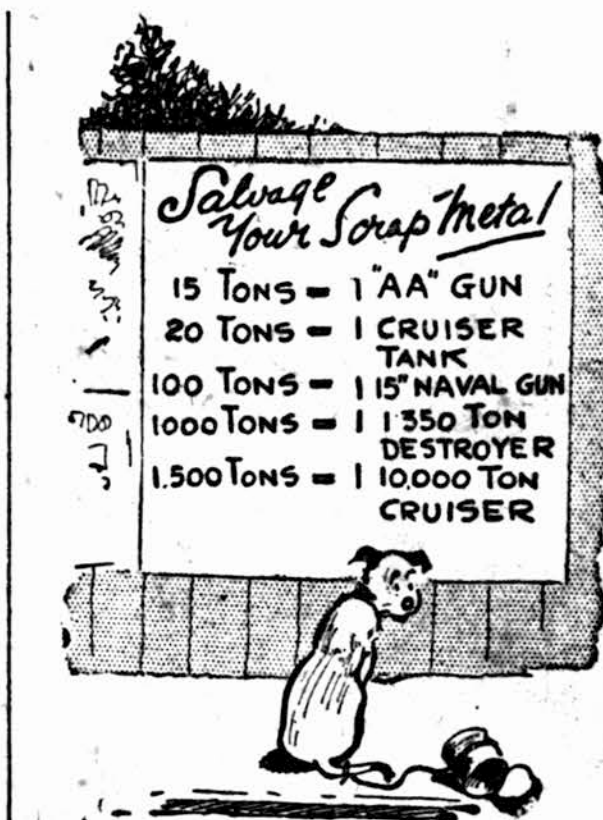
"Be sure, Mary, before buying the plums to pinch one or two, just to see that they are ripe."

In a little while the girl returned with flushed face and a triumphant look in her eyes. Handing the teacher the bag of plums, she placed the dime on the desk and exclaimed:

"I pinched one or two as you told me, and when the man wasn't looking I pinched a bagful."

Mrs. Jimmy Young, the newspaper gal, passes along the one about the American woman in London for her first air raid. She was so scared she jumped into a near-by garbage can. Two Chinese came along and saw her. "Goodness me!" said the first. "What strange people are there Occidentals! In China we wouldn't think of throwing away a pretty woman like that for at least another ten years!"

MOPSY by GLADYS PARKER



Full of zeal, the Boy Scout was going from house to house selling tickets for a Warships' Week concert. "How much are they?" asked one woman, grimly. "Two shillings, eighteenpence, and a shilling," was the hopeful reply. "Have you any at sixpence?" The Boy Scout replied, coldly:—"It's a warship we want, ma'am, not a canoe."

The soldier had been out on a spree, and to finish off he hired a taxi. Unfortunately, when the taxi came to a stop, he found that he hadn't a cent left, and he explained to the driver. "That's the position, old man, and you can't get blood out of a stone," he added, cheerfully. "No," agreed the 6ft. 4 in. taxi driver, rolling up his sleeves ominously, "but what makes you think you're a stone?"

It was recitation period in the geography class. "What's the shape of the world, Julian?" asked the teacher. "Round," replied the boy. "And how do you know it's round, Julian?" persisted the teacher. The pupil shifted uneasily in his seat. "So all right," he said finally, "then it's square. I don't feel like arguing about it."

An elderly woman was visiting a ranch in Wyoming, and, on noticing a lasso coiled up on a cow-boy's saddle, she inquired what it was used for. "We use that for catching cattle and horses," came the reply. "Indeed," retorted the woman, "and what do you use for bait?"



Lovesick Suitor: "How can I prove that you are not just a beautiful doll?" She: "Squeeze me and see if I cry 'Mama'!"

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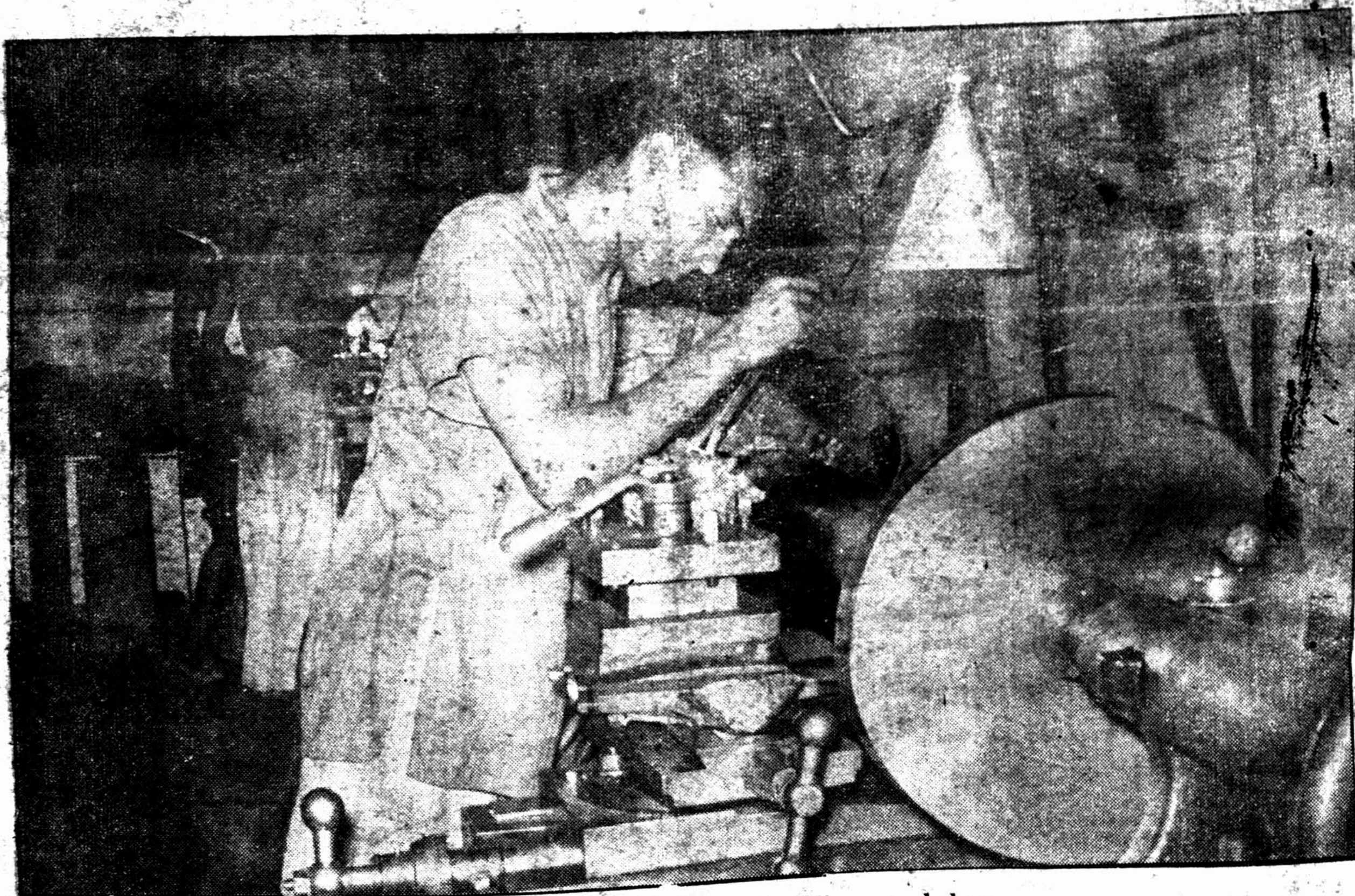
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INDIA MAKES SHIPS FOR THE NAVY



A worker engaged in a shipbuilding workshop.



(Left): A peaceful, palm-shaded 'birth-place' for a warship. (Right): Adjustments to an engine set aboard an Indian-built tank motor minesweeper.